

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 516—VOL. XXI.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 19, 1865.

PRICE 10 CENTS. 13 WEEKS \$1.00.

THE 7-30 LOAN-NIGHT AGENCIES.

The confidence of the people in the credit of the government, was strongly manifested in their crowding to the several night agencies in New York city, opened for the accommodation of those who were unable to subscribe to the 7-30 loan during the business hours of the day. The machinery of these offices was very simple—a few desks and tables—a corps of experienced clerks and tellers—the exchange of the registered 7-30 bond for each individual loan—and the applicant at the Nation's Saving Bank becomes at once the nation's creditor and beneficiary. Thousands are accommodated in a night, and sums represented by bonds varying from the small \$50 bond, which places the loan within reach of the poorest savings, to the momentous and enviable \$1,000 note, are taken with republican simplicity into the vast receptacle of the United States Exchequer.

WARD'S ISLAND, EAST RIVER, N. Y.

This pleasant and healthy little island is situated in the East river, about five miles from New York city, and nearly opposite Hell-gate. It was selected by the municipal authorities, nearly 20 years ago, to build the State Emigrant Hospital upon, and to the excellent arrangements of the commissioners thousands owe their recovery to health. Last year, in consequence of the increasing number of patients, an additional hospital was erected, the corner stone of which was laid on the 10th of August, 1864, the Hon. Julian C. Verplank delivering the address.

The immense benefit of this institution to the public can be judged from the fact that last year 222,338 emigrants were landed at Castle Garden. In such an immense number the sick could not fail to be very considerable, and without referring to the mere selfishness

of checking the spread of infection, lest it should reach our own households, the philanthropic heart can enter into the immense amount of suffering soothed by its means.

The buildings at Ward's Island for the reception of aged or chronically diseased poor, for lying-in women, for the nurse less, for wash and bake houses, for residences for the superintendent and physicians, are all admirably adapted for their special purposes, and are quite separate.

In 1860 Mr. James P. Fagan was appointed superintendent of Ward's Island, and has continued to discharge the duties with great satisfaction.

The whole number of inmates, whether diseased in the hospital, or the infirm and helpless in the other departments, during 1864, was 7,363, being 2,452 more than in 1863, and 4,116 more than in 1862.

The average annual cost of support was \$125 a head.

Of the above average of 924 persons sustained and aided in the Ward's Island Institution, 597 were hospital patients, and 327 inmates of the refuge department. Abundant supplies of vegetables, as well as poultry, eggs, &c., are raised on the extensive grounds attached to the buildings, and contribute greatly to the health and comfort of the patients.

The hospitals are divided into a medical and a surgical department. The medical department proper, including the asylum for the insane, is under the charge of a salaried physician, wholly resident on the island, with as many salaried assistants as the hospital service may require from time to time. George Ford, M. D., who had several years practical experience on a large scale, in various medical positions in the hospitals of this commission, during periods when the wards were filled with the greatest number of patients and varieties of disease, was in 1863 appointed Physician-in-chief at



CROWDING OF THE 7-30 LOAN—SCENE AT ONE OF THE NIGHT OFFICES IN BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY—THE MECHANICS AND OTHER LABORING MEN SUBSCRIBING FOR THE LOAN.

Ward's Island, and has since discharged the duties of that station with fidelity and success. He resides on the island, and devotes himself exclusively to the service of the institution, as also does his assistant, Dr. Hermann Guleke. Dr. Dwyer, the present assistant in the surgical department, also rendered valuable assistance, on the medical side, during the year.

The surgical department remains under the care of J. Murray Carnochan, M. D., who has had the sole charge of it as Surgeon-in-chief since 1853. He regularly visits the surgical wards at fixed times, and also as often in addition as the surgical service may require, and performs all important operations. He has also one assistant surgeon resident on the island. This place is now filled by John Dwyer, M. D., who was appointed on the resignation of Dr. Hartshorne. One or more additional assistant surgeons have been and will be appointed whenever the number of surgical cases demands more aid, which has not been the case for the last or preceding year.

The sketch we give of the cotton mill is very interesting, as it is the first one ever erected in this state.

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The hat was passed round in a certain New York congregation, for the purpose of taking up a collection. After it had made the circuit of the church, it was handed to the minister, who, by-the-way, had "exchanged pulpits" with the regular preacher, and he found not a penny in it. He inverted his hat over the pulpit cushion and shook it, that its emptiness might be known; then looking towards the ceiling, he exclaimed, with great fervor, "I thank God that I got back my hat from this congregation!"

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 19, 1865.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

CAUTION:

We would respectfully caution the public and our subscribers in the Western States against a woman styling herself Mrs. O. Loomis, who is in the habit of collecting subscriptions and receiving money for Patterns, etc. She is an impostor. We have no traveling agents.

Our New Story.

WITH the present number we commence "BOUND TO THE WHEEL," a story of extraordinary interest, written by the well-known and popular author of "Guy Waterman's Mare," "Ruben's War," and other tales familiar to the readers of select literature. "BOUND TO THE WHEEL" was purchased by us at a larger price than was ever paid before for any similar story; a pecuniary outlay on our part, made solely with a view to present our legion of subscribers with the choicest efforts of genius.

THE official statement of the public debt, as appears from the books of the Treasury Department, on the 31st of July, shows the amount outstanding to be \$2,757,253,275 85, divided thus, viz.: Debt bearing interest in coin, \$1,108,662,641 80, on which the interest is \$64,521,897 50; debt bearing interest in lawful money, \$1,289,158,545, on which the interest is \$75,740,630 75; debt on which interest has ceased, \$1,527,120; debt bearing no interest, \$357,906,969; total interest, both in coin and lawful money, \$139,262,468 38. The legal tender notes in circulation were as follows: One and two years' 5 per cent. notes, \$39,954,490; United States notes, old issue, \$472,603; United States notes, new issue, \$432,687,966; compound interest notes, act of March 3, 1863, \$15,000,000; compound interest notes, act of June 30, 1864, \$197,131,470; total legal tenders in circulation, \$685,236,269.

The amount of fractional currency is \$2,750,000; uncalled for pay, requisitions and miscellaneous items of the War and Navy Departments, \$15,736,000; amount of coin in the Treasury, \$35,938,000, and of currency, \$81,402,000; total amount in the Treasury, \$116,739,632 59. The statement of the public debt on the 31st of July, as compared with that made on the 31st of May, shows an increase of \$122,000,000, owing in part to the extraordinary sums required to pay arrearages due to the army. The amount of legal tender notes in circulation shows an increase of \$26,075,700.

There is no truth in the reports circulating in some parts of the country that the \$5 note had been counterfeited, after the first instalment of notes had been issued to some five or six of the National banks first organized. A slight change was made in the lettering and minor details of the \$5 note, which accounts for the variation now seen between the five first issued and subsequent ones. There are no counterfeits of any denomination of the National currency.

The total number of National banks chartered since the law of Congress on that subject, is 1,499, with an aggregate capital of \$370,000,000, and a circulation of \$161,971,180.

THE recent election in England for members of the House of Commons, derives its principal interest to Americans, from the fact that "Tom Brown" has been returned from Lambeth, John Stuart Mill from Westminster, and Mr. Gladstone from South Lancashire. All these men are staunch friends to the United States, and distinguished in the world of letters, philosophy and statesmanship. Mr. Gladstone, to whom the signs of the times point unerringly as the successor of Lord Palmerston, formerly represented Oxford, the so-called seat of English learning, and the very home of a pig-headed conservatism which hostiles all progress, and opposes all reform, while it contributes nothing in the world of politics or the sphere of ideas to the advancement of mankind, physically or morally, and but little intellectually. Mr. Gladstone, moving, albeit slowly, with the spirit of the age, was not a fitting representative of musty and fungus-grown Oxford, to the influence of which we may trace whatever was debilitating in his mental composition, and hesitating or dubious in his conduct. As the representative of an active, living constituency like that of South Lancashire, both the representative and the representative will reach each other, and Mr. Gladstone, relieved of an incubus, rise fully to the measure of the position for which the nation and the suffrages of the world have designated him—that of Prime Minister of Great Britain.

J. BILLINGS, Esq., is at Long Branch, and thinks "there is as little nonsense there generally, as the same number of visitors are capable of." Females predominate there, as everywhere else, this season. Our philosopher observes: "It is perfectly harte renting tew see the females here in search of natural protectors. I counted 16 yesterday in one pile, they all sighed as I past by them, and with down-cast eyes. I felt sorry for them, but couldn't help them, for i am thorwly married, and intend to remane so." Dinnar at Long Branch "is served at 2 o'clock; opens with soup, and shuts up with blackberries." The amusements are crabbing and bathing. Of the first, Mr. Billings observes: "Yesterday I went out crabbing, and ketched a peck ov them, they bite sideways, and hang on like a dead hoss shee; they make good vittles enuff, but they ain't profitble tew eat, if you count your time with ennything." As to bathing: "It is luxurious, and the bathers resemble mermaids, half men and half

wimmin; they aul dress in the Choctaw kostom, and when they emerge from the water, yu kant tell which is who, unless yu ask them."

RICHARD HILDEBETH, of Boston, whose "History of the United States," written in a positive sense as contrasted with the romantic style adopted by Macaulay and Bancroft, and other prose poets, died in Trieste, Austria, on the 11th of July. His career as a writer was one of rare ability, energy and industry. He was born at Deerfield, Mass., June 23rd, 1807. He graduated at Harvard College in 1826. He was one of the founders of the Boston *Atlas*, and associated editor of that journal from July, 1832, to Oct. 1834, and subsequently again became a contributor and a "Washington correspondent." In addition to his productions as a journalist, he was the author of several occasional pamphlets; of a passionate fiction called the "White Slave;" Life of President Harrison; and other works bearing the marks of his peculiar genius, his sharp and fearless temper, and the originality and independence of his opinions. The most elaborate of his performances was his "History of the United States."

HENRY S. FOOTE, who once beat Jeff. Davis in a contest for the governorship of Mississippi, who was subsequently United States Senator from that state, and one of the Union-savers of 1850-51, and still later senator in the rebel Congress which he left in disgust, in search of some "sequestered spot," has lately written a most sensible letter about current affairs to Mr. Nicholson, of Tennessee, which reflects most creditably on the foresight and practical wisdom of its author. Of the causes of the war he says:

"We scouted all the counsels then supplied to us, we despised the language of timely admonition; we madly kept up the fires of sectional excitement, piling upon them, from time to time, such inflammable rubbish as Kansas-Nebraska bills, Leavenworth Constitutions, and aggressive Democratic presidential platforms, and so on! the evil tree which we planted has borne poisonous fruit, the taste of which has been death inevitable!"

Slavery he pronounces dead, and urges that the sooner the South fully realises this fact the better for it and the country; but, he continues:

"In order to be free ourselves we must never interfere with the freedom of others. We must amend our state constitutions as soon as possible, and embody therein our consent that 4,000,000 of bondmen and bondwomen here tofore existing upon southern soil shall be henceforth as free in all respects as those of the white race who largely dominated over them; in other words, we must formally recognize the state of things already existing, and bind ourselves to do nothing to disturb it in all future time. We must, in order to assure our own return to liberty and happiness, not only recognize the colored denizens of the south as now free, but we must allow them the same means of preserving their freedom that we ourselves derive as to ourselves. They must be freemen in fact as well as in name."

"We must consent to their being invested with the elective franchise; and this must be done, too, no matter what cherished notions we may entertain in regard to the mental inferiority of those whom some of us have heretofore regarded as the doomed posterity of Ham. Nor can we now safely talk about carrying them through a course of special tutelage and probation such as I understand you to recommend, ere we make them our own equals before the law of the land. These are not at all matters for our regulation, but are to be attended to by those who hold in their hands exclusively the sword and the purse of the nation."

"I tell you, my dear sir, and through you I wish to urge upon the whole mass of my fellow-countrymen of the south, that these things must be done by us, else our states will not be allowed to have senators and representatives in Congress, or even be permitted, without molestation, to administer their own municipal concerns. This, I say to you emphatically, is a settled matter; it is *res judicata*, and there is no appeal for us in the case."

PROFESSOR GEPPERT's long-expected prize essay "On the Vegetable Nature of Diamonds," has recently been published, illustrated by colored plates. Experiments show that diamonds cannot be produced by Plutonic agency, as they become black when subjected to a high degree of temperature. That they are, on the contrary, of Neptunian origin, and were at one time in a soft condition, is proved not only by the impressions of grains of sand and crystals on the surface of some of them, but also by the inclosures of certain foreign bodies such as other crystals, germinating fungi, and even vegetable structure of a higher organization. If Professor Geppert's conclusions be accepted, confirming and extending, as they do, the views held by Newton, Brewster and Liebig, diamonds seem to be the final product of the chemical decomposition of vegetable substances.

It seems to be our fate, that as fast as we constitute a civil government at the south, we have to use the "war power" to prevent its working. Voting, on present system of suffrage, results simply in elevating traitors to office who "qualify" by perjury. Gen. Terry has just put down, by force of arms, a municipal government elected in Richmond by force of false swearing.

CAPT. TYLER, of the British Royal Engineers, proposes a plan for running railways over high mountains, instead of through them. In order to obtain great tractive power for locomotives, a third rail is laid between the two outer rails, and at an elevation of about seven inches above the other rails. This middle rail is grasped by horizontal wheels, worked at right angles to the usual vertical driving wheels. By this auxiliary power, trains drawn by an engine weighing 10 tons 17 cwt., are enabled to ascend gradients of 1 in 12; and as the line can be carried parallel to the existing road, the estimated cost is \$35,000 a mile, instead of \$642,500, that of the line now in process of construction through Mont Cenis.

THE product of petroleum in Pennsylvania alone is put down, for the year 1865, at 8,500,000 barrels of crude oil, worth, taking the average of prices, \$24,000,000. This estimate is based on the value of the crude oil at the mouth of the wells. It may thus be said that our product of petroleum is worth a quarter as much as our product of wheat, and one-eighth as much as our product of corn or of cotton—taking an average of five years prior to the war as the basis of an estimate of our

national crop. Borers for oil have this satisfaction—they cater for a market which cannot be glutted. The world will consume, at a price, all the petroleum which can be produced. Europe increased her consumption from 10,000,000 gallons in 1862 to over 30,000,000 gallons in 1864, and will take 100,000,000 gallons in 1866, if they can be furnished at a suitable figure.

AN English gentleman, Mr. A. M. Bell, has devised a new method of writing sounds; it consists in picturing, by totally new symbols, the actions of the several organs of speech, tongue, lips, teeth, etc. The number of fundamental symbols is 39. Each one of them is a direction to do something; so that if the user of it had forgotten the sound it represents, he would be taught it again by merely following the directions. The symbols, of course, represent the most elementary actions of the organs; put together, they produce compounds. A full sneeze, for example, is a complex operation; it comes among what are called inarticulate sounds; but Mr. Bell writes it down, and for aught we know, could undertake to furnish every man with a symbol representative of his own particular sneeze, as distinguished from that of his neighbor. His method is tested in the following way. Mr. Bell sends his two sons out of the room, and then invites the company to make words in any language, pronounced rightly or wrongly, and sounds of any kind, no matter how absurd or original; for it is the success of this method that whatever the organs of speech can do, the new alphabet can record. Mr. Bell tries each sound himself, until the proposer admits that he has got it; then he writes it down. After a score of such attempts have been recorded, the young gentlemen are recalled, and they forthwith read what is presented to them, reproducing to a nicely, amidst general laughter and astonishment, all the queer babbisms which a grave party of philologists have strained their muscles to invent. The original symbols, when read sound after sound, would make a Christian fancy himself in a menagerie.

HON. HORACE MAYNARD, recently elected Member of Congress from the Knoxville District (Tenn.), made a speech recently to those who are now his constituents, from which we take the following passage:

"A great clamor is made against negro suffrage, I do not think that a majority of the American people have determined to establish this measure unconditionally; but if you desire to prevent it, hostil to the government will not keep it off, but will rather hasten its establishment. If the nation finds that all its magnanimous offers to you are in vain, it will be very apt to give suffrage to the negro population, who have, all through this war, proved its fast and faithful friends. This measure, in that event, will be adopted as an indispensable means of establishing loyal civil government in the south, when the sedulous white population refuse to submit to the laws and discharge their duties as prudent citizens."

GEN. HOOKER is now in command of the department which includes New York, where his headquarters are established. At a recent dinner, given to the officers of certain Massachusetts regiments, he made a brief speech, in which occurs the following paragraph, the only one, we believe, embodying, in any degree, his views on the questions of the day:

"The course of reconstruction is clear. The southerners may not love the government as formerly, but we have whipped them, and will keep them whipped, until they learn to behave themselves properly. If they show a proper disposition to reconstruct the government, we will help them; but if they don't, we won't. Now that we have accomplished so much, our bayonets are as sharp and our weapons as bright for any future service for the Union as they have been in the past."

A DRAMATIZATION of Milton's "Paradise Lost" is played in Paris, which mortally offends an English critic, who thus writes: "The idea of so brutalizing one's idea of Paradise, as to have it represented by the scene painter, with the tree of knowledge in the second groove, and Adam and Eve disputing about the forbidden fruit in language not even of the choicest description, is astonishing enough; but when, in the fourth act, the sons of Cain are represented dancing a ballet, with modern sensuous accessories, it becomes, to an English mind, simply shocking, or even disgusting."

THERE are rumors afloat of a new European Conference—a Congress of the so-called Great Powers of Europe. The London *Spectator* does not admire the scheme, and pithily remarks that "the consciousness that a seventh great power, impregnable at home and very formidable abroad, will stand aside indifferent but prepared, must tend to increase the consciousness that its decisions will but slightly affect the facts. No peace which does not bind the American Union can have much effect upon the British marine."

THE visit of the Emperor of the French to Algeria has led him to determine on great and sweeping changes in the internal administration of that dependency. The Arabs, henceforth, are to be secured in their lands; the constitution of their tribes is to be recognised; and the tenure of property is to be tribal, unless an express wish is announced that it should be held by individuals. They are to have their pasture grounds respected, and their forest land, where waste or in course of extinction, is to be replanted. Their religion is to be treated with the greatest respect, and their festivals are henceforth to be kept with official solemnity by their Christian conquerors. They alone are to decide every question of their

here aspirants may qualify themselves to decide the difficult question, whether a question is a religious one or not, and may learn the rules of the Koran by which they ought to settle it if it comes within their province. The Arabs are also to have schools, pawn-shops, hospitals and almshouses provided for them; and an impost, fixed for ten years, is to be demanded from them, to be paid according to the number of tents if they are dwellers in the wilderness, and to be paid by individuals in the settled districts. In fact, if they like to be civilized, they are to be privileged Frenchmen; and if they like not to be civilized, they are to be privileged Arabs.

The thickest iron-plating of our new iron-clad, Dunderberg, is but four and a half inches, while our monitors of the Dictator and Kalamazoo class have fifteen inches on the turret and ten and a half inches on the sides. Of the English iron-clads, the Bellerophon has six inches solid plate, besides one and a half inches plating and strong iron ribs, while the Hercules has nine inches solid plating. The plan of the Dunderberg was the result of our experience of 11-inch guns with fifteen pounds of powder, such as were used in the first iron-clad fight at Fortress Monroe. Since she was designed we have advanced to 15-inch guns, with sixty pounds of powder, and are still actively progressing in the same direction. If it is within the skill of the builder, might it not be advisable to increase the armor of the Dunderberg, even at the expense of her armament? Guns are fighting hard for the mastery, and the chances are still in their favor for any class of vessels except the monitors.

MERLE D'AUBIONE, of Geneva, Switzerland, the well-known author of the "History of the Reformation," wrote a letter on the death of President Lincoln, to our minister at Berne, from which we make the following extract:

"The blow which has struck Mr. Lincoln strikes all the friends of justice, of order, liberty and religion. He has been the instrument of God for the accomplishment of one of the greatest acts, perhaps the very greatest which will illustrate our century—the definite abolition of slavery throughout Christendom. He is not only the instrument but the victim. While not venturing to compare him with the great sacrifice of Golgotha, which gave liberty to the captives, is it not just in this hour, to recall the word of an Apostle (1 John iii. 1): 'In this we have known love, in that Christ has laid down his life for us; and, therefore, ought we also to lay down our lives for our brethren.' Who can say that the President did not lay down his life by the fitness of his devotion to a great duty? The name of Lincoln will remain one of the greatest that history has to inscribe on its annals."

TOWN GOSSIP.

ALL the fashionable people being out of town—the *creme de la creme* at Saratoga, and the rest at other places—the Town Gossip is necessarily limited. It is pawsitively painful, as Lord Dundevon would say, to ride up Broadway—we say, ride, for locomotion is out of the question at 90 in the shade. Not even the last rays of summer is left. Care-worn merchants, toll-worn clerks, bibulous editors—or, we should say, sube and contractors, for your true editor never drinks till he dines at six, and then he may take a glass of claret or Chamberlain, to encourage or reward that gentle flow of ideas which ever attends the serene intellectual man. Broadway, we say, is entirely given over to toll and care-worn human dust, which, garbed in linen dusters, mops off Niagaric cataclysts of adipose moisture, larding the lean earth. Marryatt's or Munchausen's fearful picture of Broadway being strewed with unoccupied suits of clothes, with only a greasy spot on the pavement, to show for what once had been a fellow-mortal of flesh and blood, may yet be realised, if the municipal authorities do not do something to mollify the thermometer; but in such weather it is perhaps too much to demand of our City Fathers a greater exertion than to award a fat contract to some of the ring. With this highly charitable expression we will languidly ask the public to excuse the levity of our present Town Gossip, and turn to Leigh Hunt's description of similar weather on the other side of the Atlantic. In the mean time we must content ourselves by recommending the present intelligent reader to think of everything that is cool—let him, in imagination, stand under some beautiful crystal cascade, and, in fancy, feel the refreshing waters bathe him in their invigorating streams—let him think of the ruminating cow, standing in a pleasant little patch of water under shady trees—let him think of a duck under a water-spout, in a rain-storm, or of a man surrounded by ice carts—let him do anything except talk to an Irishman about the Fenian Brotherhood, or contradict an silent woman, for of all overbearing and resistless living vocabularies a quiet woman is the most terrible; when her "hoarded silence" is once set going—it is more like an Alpine avalanche, than anything else. We trust our readers will like "hoarded silence," thus converted into "ready talk," by a figure of speech—and with this original phrase we conclude, by observing, that if there has been any Gossip about Town this week, we have not discovered it. *As revoir.*

Mr. Barnum is not the man to let either his fame or his energy lie idle, and the destruction of the American Museum, which would have won some people, has only made him a little extra trouble. He means to go to Europe soon, and, with an energetic assistant, bring away whatever he finds on that continent that is curious, and put it in the New American Museum, for the use of his diocese of North America. Mr. Barnum wanted to send Bayard Taylor on this errand, but the poet, lecturer and traveler was obliged to postpone the engagement. He will go next summer, however, and answer Mr. Barnum's offer in the following pleasant note:

CEDARCREST, July 25, 1865.

MY DEAR MR. BARNUM:—
The sympathy which I, in common with all of your friends, feel with you in your loss, so far as most to be superfluous in view of the buoyant energy you exhibit. I regret that I am not able to assist you in the way you desire, as my literary engagements will not permit me to visit Europe this year. If I go next summer—as is probable—I may be able to further some of your many plans. Meanwhile, I shall look over my own souvenirs of travel, and try to find some articles of public interest for your new collection. My relatives are mostly of mere personal value, but I have some which the public might find interesting. I am sure you will get abundant help from all quarters; and so, wishing you every possible success, I am, always sincerely yours,

RAYARD TAYLOR.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Demise.—A Southern paper gives its readers the following advice: "Accept the 'situation' as you find it. Don't pause to fret. Move on. Keep up with the times. We hope for much from Southern climate, Southern nature, Southern brains. Progress is the watchword now. Power lies in the metal of the ploughshare, and true Southern independence relies upon Southern exertions upon the field—not of battle—but of waving grain and cotton bolls."

—The population of the State of New York amounts, by the appearance of the present returns, to 4,350,000. This is about the population of England in the time of Elizabeth; is nearly the present population of Bavaria, and 700,000 more than that of the Kingdom of Holland.

—Miss Imogen Willis, daughter of N. P. Willis, editor of the *Home Journal*, was a widow on the 1st inst. at Idlewild, to Dr. Williams Eddy, of New Bedford, Mass.

—Eugenie, Empress, is driving a light pony-carriage this summer, with ponies dyed to match her toilette, and every day a change.

—An itinerant preacher, who rambled in his sermons, when requested to stick to his text, replied, that "scattering shot would hit the most birds."

—The city and immediate suburbs of Boston, will show by the census now taking, a population of nearly 400,000 people, thus making that metropolitan one of the greatest centres of population on this continent. The valuation of Boston and suburbs will nearly reach \$600,000,000, (the city alone having \$370,000,000). This vast sum will place Boston as the richest city, *per capita*, probably in the world. New York has some \$700,000,000 valuation; Philadelphia, \$150,000,000; Baltimore, \$100,000,000. The entire state of Maine has but \$100,000,000 valuation, or only one-fourth part of this city. The eleventh ward of Boston has nearly the same population and valuation as Portland, Me., and is almost a city itself, being in many respects a distinct quarter. Since 1860 this ward has almost sprung into existence.

—Workmen are now engaged in removing the wood-work, furniture, &c., from Ford's Theatre, preparatory to remodeling it as a fire-proof building for the reception of the archives of the late rebel government.

—The return of the census of the city of Albany, gives a population of 61,375, against 62,307 in 1860. In some words there is a decrease, and in others an increase. The county of Albany at the next apportionment, must, therefore, lose one member of Assembly.

—The criminal statistics of our city for the past three months are not very pleasant reading. From the 1st of May to the 31st of July 20,467 arrests were made by our local police. Of these 14,372 were males, and 6,095 females. For the quarter ending April 30 there were only 7,873 arrests in all. During the war the arrests averaged from 3,000 to 4,000 per quarter. The increase of crime that these figures show is really alarming, and should attract more public attention than it has heretofore done. The items of increase are in assaults and robberies, that is, crimes against person and property.

—Admiral Dahlgren was married on the 21st of August to Mrs. Goddard, of Washington, D. C., daughter of Hon. S. Vinton, of Ohio. The bridegroom is 55; the bride 28.

—The City Fathers of Hoboken have at last resolved to put the law against liquor dealers in force in that picturesque place.

—The President is still too unwell to undergo the fatigue of receiving dispatches.

—Late advices from Georgia state that the cotton crop this year will be exceedingly light—not more than one-sixtieth of the average yield. Until the laborers become more settled, it is feared that next year's crop will be even smaller. The rice yield on the Altamaha will scarcely exceed one-thirtieth of the usual yearly crop.

—The commission to visit the Indians who affiliated with the rebels, and to make permanent peace with them, has been organized at Washington. Gen. Herron, one of the commissioners, is in that city.

—On the evening of the 2d inst. the steamer Cosack arrived at Newport News, to take in coal. The 1st Maine regiment was on board, and were landed. The men immediately set to work to clear out the store of the post master, Nicholas White, who lost nearly all of his stock, valued at \$7,000. The men were re-embarked, and were kept at anchor off Fortress Monroe, and the probability of being ordered back to settle damages.

—Delegates from every elective precinct in each county of the Territory of Colorado will assemble on the 8th of this month at Denver, for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of forming a state government and making application for admission into the Union at the earliest possible moment. If it is deemed expedient, a state constitution for Colorado will be framed, provisions made for its submission to the people, and if adopted, for the election of state officers and representatives to Congress. Elections were to have been held on the 27th inst., in the several county precincts for delegates to the territorial convention. The call is issued under the auspices of the executive committee of the several political parties.

—The stock of specie in bank and the sub-treasury office of New York is not much short of \$50,000,000.

—The reports of the failing health of Jeff Davis, caused an inquiry from the War Department as to the real state of the prisoner's health. The report made sets forth that the prisoner, Jefferson Davis, is in the enjoyment of excellent health; and, moreover, that his physical condition has visibly improved since his incarceration at Fortress Monroe.

—A census of the state of New York is now in progress, and the returns of New York city show that its population is 1,003,230; an increase of \$18,581 since 1860. The total valuation of property in the city is \$63,784,335. Real estate increased \$16,655,320, while personal estate nominally fell off \$46,000,000, owing largely to the fact that the government bonds are non-taxable. The state is 4,350,000.

—Mr. Samuel N. Pike, of Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, has purchased the property at the corner of 8th avenue and 23d street, New York, and designs erecting an opera-house of spacious and elegant proportions.

—There is a project on foot at Niagara Falls to make a new communication between the American and Canadian side of the Niagara river in the shape of a suspension bridge for carriages and foot passengers.

—It is estimated at the Freedmen's Bureau that at least 40,000 freedmen have learned to read and write since the rebellion broke out.

—A Connecticut editor, traveling in Nevada, says that all sorts of languages are used there—English, French, German, Spanish, Irish, Chinese, Pi-Ute, &c., but he thinks none is spoken with so much fluency and freedom, and none seems to be so generally understood, as profane language.

—Salt is obtained in Arizona in beautiful transparent crystals, and in large quantities. The salt mountains are located some 60 miles above El Dorado Canyon, up the Colorado, and are said to be a great curiosity and wonder to all travelers who have visited them. The packers chop the salt out of the mass with axes.

—The Pittsfield *Edge* says the work on the east end of the Cossac Tunnel is progressing at the rate of 16 feet a day into the solid rock of the mountain.

—A provision of the Constitution lately adopted in Missouri makes it obligatory upon every preacher and teacher of religion, and every teacher of any school, public or private, to take, subscribe and file his oath of loyalty within 60 days after the 4th of July, on penalty of fine of \$500, or imprisonment in the county jail for six months if they continue to preach or teach without taking and filing the oath.

—Samuel Caswell, of Barnsley, N. H., is 109 years of age, and has never drunk intoxicating liquors

nor used tobacco in his life. He has never worn spectacles and his eyesight has been perfectly good till within a year. He has mowed grass every summer since he was 12 years old till the present, and has never had a physician but three times, and those lately. His wife is living, in good health at the age of 95.

—**Foreign.**—When Ab-del-Kadir reached Paris, he was accompanied by three wives, five Arabs in Oriental costume, and a pet bear; the whole forming an exhibition which created quite a ferment among the excitable Frenchmen.

—The London *Athenaeum* defines the meaning of the title F. B. S. as a man who Fairly Represents France.

—A curious calculation has been made lately by a savant well known in Paris by his peculiar antiquity to the fly. He collected 3,000 flies in a room containing two cubic metres; on the floor he spread a pound of sugar. At the end of four days he went to investigate the result of his experiment. There remained a table-spoonful of sugar. This statistician therefore calculates that sugar being at the rate of 13 cents a pound, a fly costs the country 20 cents from its birth to its death.

—Vesuvius again menaces an eruption. Flames are seen to issue from the principal summit every night.

—The total number of persons who have died during the late session of the British Parliament, amounts to 112, and their united ages reach 7,583 years, giving an average of 67 years to each. The highest average age was with the archbishops, 80; next come the vicars, 74; the bishops show the third highest average, 73; the early come next with 65; the maquis average 65; and the dukes and barons are the lowest, each with 65. The deceased Scotch peers average 83; the Irish, 63.

—It is said, that owing to the falling off in the supply of rat-skins in Paris this season, there will be a rise in the price of "extra fine kid gloves."

—It reads almost like a joke, but the French Funds were agitated because the Prince Imperial had a sore throat!

—*Le Journal des Debats* of Paris had an elaborate editorial advertising Spain and Brazil to take warning from the United States and abolish slavery before it leads to a similar catastrophe.

—Sax of Sax-horn celebrity, has just brought out an extraordinary invention by which the sound of all brass instruments, of all wind instruments, I believe, can be increased to a marvelous extent, so that a band of six musicians can make as much noise as one of 60. In some of these instruments the volume of sound is increased 35; in others but six or seven. The public has not yet been admitted to judge of the merits of Mr. Sax's ingenious invention, only a few private concerts having been given before the Empress left Paris. She admitted the musician to an interview, listend to the effects of the magnified sound, and was so much pleased that she gave a gold medal to M. Sax.

—Mr. Adam Black is at present very unpopular with his constituency in Edinburgh, which has given rise to a respectable joke. "What can have caused Adam's fall?" asked one constituent. "The Eve of an election," was the reply.

—It is calculated that within 30 years there have been in Spain about 50 different premiers and 400 ministers, as frequent have been the changes in the Cabinet.

The oldest paper in the civilized world is the *Gazette de Paris*, which in 1866 enters its 235th year.

CORAL ROCKS.

THE coral rocks, which grow from the bed of the ocean, were formerly thought to be of a vegetable nature; but subsequent investigation has demonstrated that the foundation of these immense masses is effected by certain species of polyps. A portion even of England is based on a foundation of coral, many of our transition rocks containing an immense number of fossil corals; and many islands between the tropics appear to rest entirely on masses of coral rocks. The order and regularity with which these vast accumulations of solid matter are constructed, by means apparently so inadequate to the end, are no less astonishing than the amazing number of such masses which are known to exist.

Thousands of islands in the Eastern Ocean owe their origin entirely to this source; and particularly those in the Indian Archipelago, and round New Holland, are produced by various tribes of these animals; especially by the cell-pora, isla, madrepores, millepora, and tubipora. The animals which form these corals work with such rapidity, that enormous masses of them very soon appear where there were scarcely any marks of such reefs before; and the navigation of the seas in which they abound is rendered every day more difficult by the continually increasing number of coral reefs, which will become the basis of future islands. These reefs have flat tops, and rise so perpendicularly from the bed of the sea, that the officers of vessels, within only two ship's lengths of them, have found no bottom at the depth of 150 fathoms, or nine hundred feet! It is an interesting object of geological research to trace the progress of these foundations, by the minute but combined labors of millions of these marine zoophytes, which occupy the lowest rank in the animal kingdom; but which have been instrumental in giving to the earth its present form. The following extract from Kotzebue's "Voyages" gives the best description of the mode in which the islands, consisting of coral reefs, may have been progressively formed:

"As soon as the ridge or reef has reached such a height that it remains almost dry at low-water, at the time of ebb, the polyps cease from building higher. Sea-shells, fragments of corals, sea hedge-hog shells, and their broken-off prickles, are united by the burning sun, through the medium of the cementing calcareous sand, which is given from the pulverization of the above-mentioned shells, into one whole or solid stone; which, strengthened by the continual throwing up of new materials gradually increases in thickness, till it becomes at last so high, that it is covered only during some seasons of the year by high tides. The at of the sun, so, encloses the mass of stone, when it is dry, that it splits in many places, and breaks off in flakes. These flakes, so separated, are raised one upon another by the waves, at the time of high water. The always active surf throws lots of coral (or quantity of coral in length, and three or four feet thick) and shells of marine animals, between and upon the foundation stones; after this the calcareous sand is undisturbed, and offers to the seeds and trees of plants, cast upon it by the waves, a soil, upon which they rapidly grow, to overshadow this dazzling white surface. Entire trunks of trees, which are carried by the rivers from other countries and islands, find here, at length, a resting-place, after their long wanderings. With these come some small animals, such as lizards and insects, as the first inhabitants. Even before the trees form a wood, the real sea-birds nest here, strayed land-birds alight in the bushes, and at a much later period, when the work has been long since completed, man also appears, builds his hut on the fruitful soil, formed by the corruption of the leaves of the trees, and calls himself the lord and proprietor of this new creation."

THE BAY OF RIO DE JANEIRO.

THE Bay of Naples, the Golden Horn of Constantinople and the Bay of Rio de Janeiro are always mentioned by the traveler tourist as eminently worthy to be classed together for their extent, and for the beauty and sublimity of their scenery. The first two, however, yield the palm

to the last-named magnificent sheet of water, which in a climate of perpetual summer, is enclosed within the ranges of singularly picturesque mountains, and dotted with the verdure-covered islands of the tropics. He who, in Switzerland, has gazed from the quai of Vevey, or from the windows of the old Castle of Chillon, upon the grand panorama at the upper end of the Lake of Geneva, can have an idea of the general view of the Bay of Rio de Janeiro; and there was much truth and beauty in the remark of the Swiss, who, looking for the first time on the native splendor of the Brazilian Bay and its circle of mountains, exclaimed, "C'est le *Helvetic Meridionale*" (it is the Southern Switzerland).

What a glorious spectacle must have presented itself to those early navigators, De Solis, Majellan and Martin Afonso de Souza, who were the first Europeans that ever sailed through the narrow port which constitutes the entrance to Niteroy (Hidden Water), as these almost land-locked waters were appropriately and poetically termed by the Tamoya Indians. Though the mountain sides and borders of the bay are still richly and luxuriantly clothed, then all the primeval forests existed, and gave a wilder and more striking beauty to a scene, so enchanting in a natural point of view, even after three centuries of the encroachments of man.

We all of us know, either by our own experience or by that of others, how joyful is the sight of land to the tempest-tossed voyager. When the broad blue circle of sea and sky, which for days and weeks has encompassed his vision, is at length broken by a shore—even though that shore be bleak and desolate as the ice mountains of the Arctic regions—it is invested with a surpassing interest, it is robed in undreamed-of charms. What then must be the emotions of one who, coming from a latitude of stormy winter, gales upon these bright shores and beholds around him a land of perpetual summer, with its towering and crested palms and its giant vegetation arrayed in fableless green.

The first entrance of any one to the Bay of Rio de Janeiro forms an era in its existence, for even the dullest observer must afterward cherish sublimer views of the manifold beauty and majesty of the works of the Creator. I have seen the most rude and ignorant Russian sailor, the immoral and unreflecting Australian adventurer, as well as the cultivated and refined European gentleman, stand silently, side by side, upon the deck, mutually admiring the gigantic avenues of mountains and prim-covered isles, which, like the granite pillars before the Temple of Luxor, form a fitting colonnade to the portal of this finest bay in the world.

On either side of that contracted entrance, as far as the eye can reach, bold, abrupt and beautiful, stretch away the mountains, whose pointed and fantastic shapes recall the glories of Alp-land. On our left the "Sugar Loaf" stands like a giant sentinel to the metropolis of Brazil. The round and green summits of the Tres Irmaos (Three Brothers) are in strong contrast with the peaks of Comodoro and Tijucas; while the Gavia rears its huge sail-like form, and half hides the fading line of mountains which extends to the very borders of Rio Grande del Sud. On the right, another lofty range of picturesque headlands stretches into the bold promontory well-known to all South Atlantic navigators as Cape Trio. Mighty rivers and virgin forests, palm trees and jaguars, anacondas and alligators, howling monkeys and screaming birds, diamond-mining, revolutions and earthquakes



THE STATE EMIGRANTS' HOSPITAL, WARD'S ISLAND, EAST RIVER, N. Y.

THE CRATER BEFORE PETERSBURG, VA.

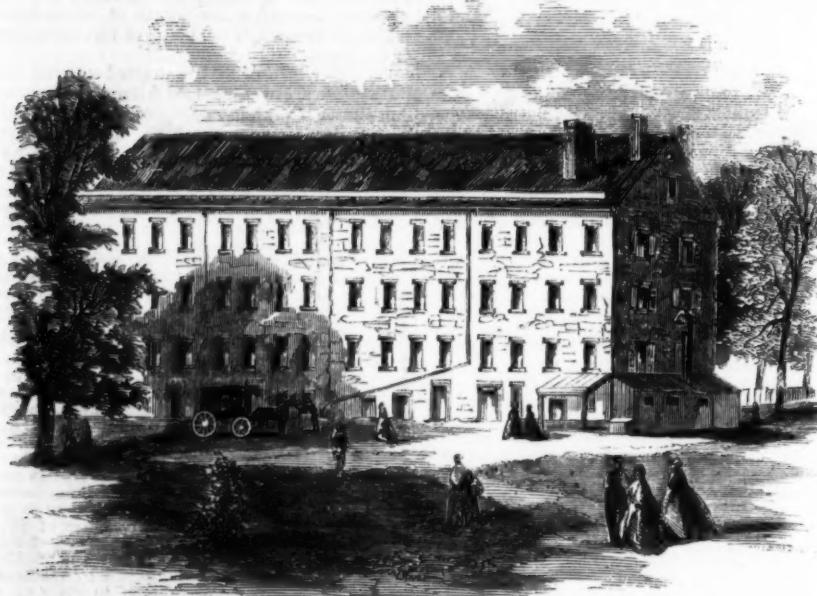
On the 25th of June, 1864, while the Union forces were closely besieging the rebel army laying

principal forts. The work was commenced and carried on with great secrecy, and on the morning of the 30th of July a tunnel 500 feet in length was completed—the termination, as directed, being under the rebel works. At the end of the tunnel there were two chambers, extending to the right and left, in which were placed

forces ordered to make the attack, or some misunderstanding which has never yet been satisfactorily explained, the enterprise proved a failure.

The illustration we present this week portrays the several points of interest connected with this great event of the war.

water. They save in soap nearly one-half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For laces, cambric, &c., an extra quantity of the powder is used. Borax, being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen: its effects is to soften the hardest water, and therefore it



COTTON MILL ON WARD'S ISLAND, THE FIRST ERECTED IN NEW YORK STATE.

behind their entrenchments in front of Petersburg, Lieut. Col. Pleasant, 48th Penn., was ordered by Gen. Grant to detail his veteran miners to tunnel the earth from the exterior line of our works nearest the rebel lines, to a point immediately under one of the enemy's



VIEW OF THE SICK WARD IN THE STATE EMIGRANTS' HOSPITAL, WARD'S ISLAND.

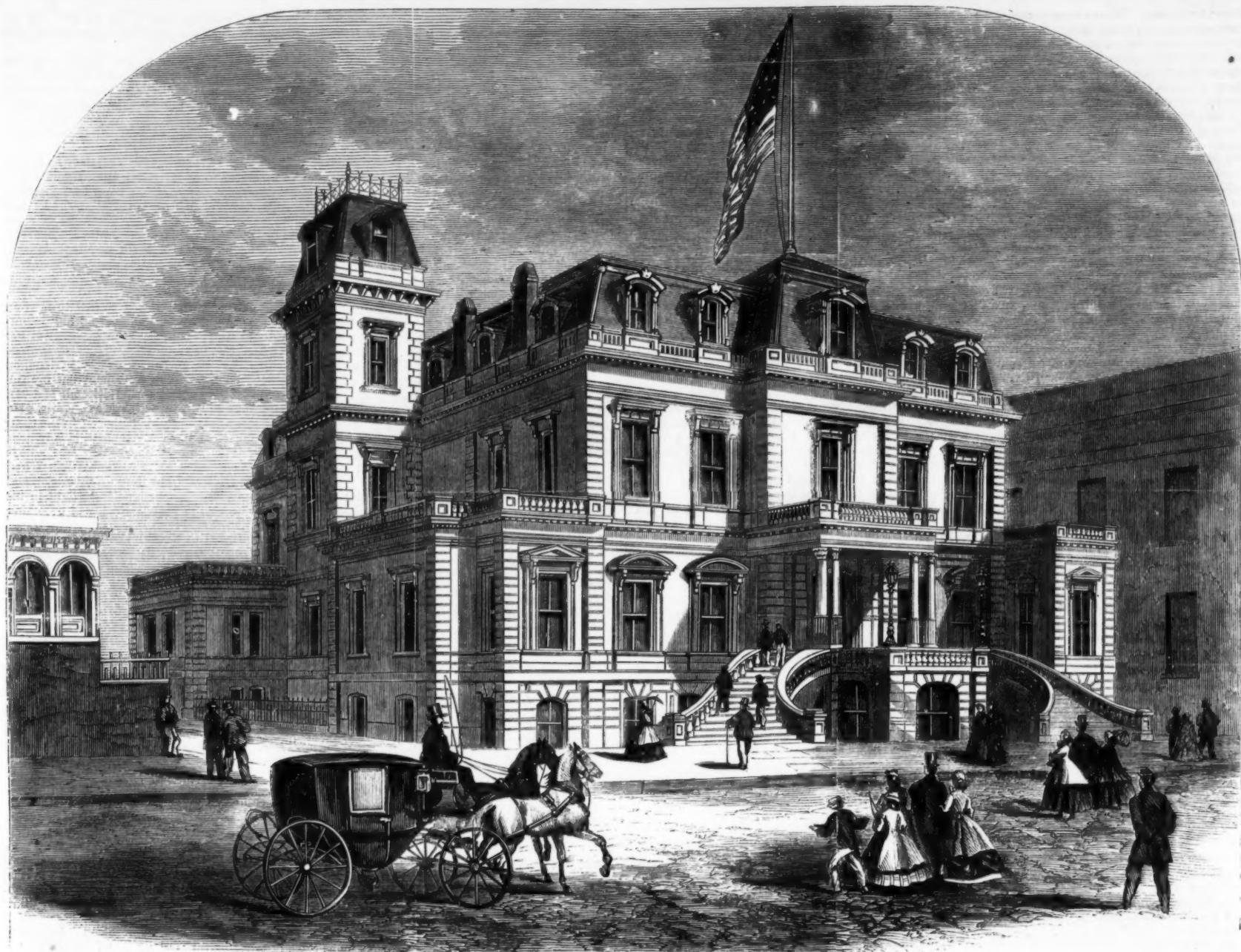
six tons of powder, the explosion of which it was thought would so surprise and disorganise the rebels, that our troops could break their lines and march on Petersburg. On the 30th of July the mine was exploded, but owing to a want of co-operation on the part of the

washerwoman of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as a washing powder instead of soda, in the proportion of a large handful of borax powder to about 10 gallons of boiling

should be kept on every toilet-table. To the taste it is rather sweet, is used for cleansing the hair, is an excellent dentifrice, and in hot countries is used with tartaric acid and bicarbonate of soda as a cooling beverage.



THE HOSPITAL BUILDINGS AND FERRY, WARD'S ISLAND, EAST RIVER, N. Y.



THE UNION LEAGUE BUILDING, BROAD STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Proud is your step I know as you come,
Over the hills on the war-worn track,
But not more proud is your heart than mine,
As I wait here to welcome you back;

But not so proud is your heart or mine,
As the heart of the soldier's wife,
Who is watching to see her husband come,
From the battle and the strife.



THE RETURN.

BY HIRAM E. GRIFFITH.

On! the hopes, and the faith, of a soldier's wife,
The faith, the hopes, and the tears,
And the weary watchings, and waitings, too,
Through all these dreadful years;
Watching, and waiting, and praying well,
That the battles may soon be o'er,
And he be back, ere the year has fled,
To never leave her more.

Ah, well! those weary years have fled,
And the dreary months have past,
And over the hills the guidons wave,
On the homeward march at last;
And the breath of spring comes balmy up
To cheer them on their way,
And the soldier's wife, on bended knees,
Is blessing God to-day.

A tear, and a prayer, for the soldiers' wife,
Whose hopes are beyond the tomb,
Who, over the hills, to that better land,
Will be homeward marching soon—
Where a husband waits to welcome her,
And war shall never come,
Nor the steady tramp of Iron heels,
Nor the sound of martial drum.



"I THREATENED TO TAKE HIS LIFE THERE AND THEN."



THE FALL OF THE HOUSE IN — STREET.

The House in — Street.

BY LIZZIE CAMPBELL.

How I came into possession of the following manuscript I shall not stop to explain; it was not in any wonderful way, but simply and accidentally, and to describe the manner would only retard the story. Without further preface I place it before the reader.

HOWARD FALCON'S JOURNAL.

JULY 8th, 18—

Here I am, lodged in this curious old house, in — street, a house that has always interested me, from the dark, mysterious and deserted atmosphere that seems to surround it. I remember shuddering, when I was a boy, long, long years ago, when I passed this house one day in my walks—that was before I lost my poor father. Alas! alas! my poor, dear father! Shall I ever be able to clear away that mystery? I shudder again at that thought. It is strange, but it is the same sort of shudder that shook me when I passed this house in my childhood—the feeling that old women tell us is a warning that some one is walking over the spot that will be our grave.

I'm afraid I am growing moody and hypochondriacal, and I have come to the last place on earth to cheer me. But I won't leave it—no, I will not give up my two comfortable rooms, though the

house be gloomy. What a strange sort of fascination seems to chain me here! My extraordinary landlord is not the weakest link in that chain. I am not naturally curious, but I am devoured with curiosity about that man. As well as I can judge, there are no lodgers but myself in this roomy old house. How does my landlord live? If he lets no more rooms than the two I rent, he can't be doing a thriving business. But, then, does he need to do much? Does he ever eat? During the week I have been here no smell of cookery has reached the second floor, no sound of Irish servants—bless me! Has he a servant? I don't believe he has, though I never thought of it before. But, then, who makes up my rooms when I am gone? who builds the fire on a rainy day? for I always have fires on rainy days, and it has rained twice since I have been here. Who brought the coal-scuttle and left it outside my door on these two days? I shall be satisfied—I must have this cleared up, I will ring the bell, and then I'll see who answers it.

I am satisfied. I rang the bell, my landlord answered it, and wished to know what he could bring me. Clearly there was no servant. In my confusion I said a beefsteak, and then changed my order to a pitcher of ice-water. He bowed, withdrew, and, returning in a few minutes, placed the pitcher on my table. He has a remarkable face that man; his face was one of the reasons why I hired these rooms. I thought it a good study, and it is more—it is wonderful. To-day I observed it more, even, than on the first day I saw him. He is not an ugly person; in his youth I think he must have been handsome. He is tall, with a slight stoop in the shoulders, and very thin. His clothes are almost threadbare, but worn with that peculiar air that always stamps the wearer as a gentleman, and my landlord has about him that indefinite but unmistakable something that says he is a gentleman. His face is fearfully pale, and so thin that the cheek bones seem ready to cut their way through the transparent skin. Strange to say, his face is not wrinkled; it has the pallor of death and the smoothness of marble, and his deep, dark blue eyes are like caverns, in which burn dim lights, sunk far back in his face; they are ringed about with circles of a dead blue black color, and his hair, snow-white, falls to his shoulders in long, unshorn ringlets. I felt humbled and mortified when I saw him performing for me the duties of a menial, and I hastened to say something apologetic.

"You need not have troubled yourself, Mr. Falconbridge," I said. "I could have waited the return of your servant."

"I am my own servant," he made answer, and his tones were cold and frozen like ice.

He closed the door noiselessly, and with cat-like footfalls I heard him descending the stairs.

For a few minutes I felt uncomfortable; and when I thought of his spare form and corpse-like face I could not help adding to my question, "Does he ever eat?" two others, "Does he ever drink?" and "Does he ever sleep?"

JULY 20th.

Eleven days have passed, and I have not once visited this kind friend of mine, who receives, without a murmur, all the jottings down of my variable moods. Why? Something happened, and I lay on my bed, unable to rise from it till to-day. Let me think—my recollections of that something are still dim and hazy. Ah! now it comes to me: A young girl—a lovely girl, with a cloud of waving, curling, bright hair falling round her shoulders, and shaded by a broad hat; then a rushing sound, a scream from the crowd, a quick, piercing cry from the girl, and a firmament of stars, horrible blackness, and—I know no more. When I recover I am lying here in my own room, a radiant face is looking down at me, then I try to speak. But a beautiful mouth uncloses, a silver-sweet voice says "Hush!" and I am dumb.

Then Beauty seems repentant of her stern edict, and revokes it with:

"At least you must not speak above your breath only a word—single question, if you like."

Then I don't say "Where am I?" as they do in the novels, because I know quite well; but I desire very earnestly to know "How in the world I came there, and what the master is?"

"When you saved my life, that dreadful day, we thought the horse had killed you. A dreadful blow on the head—and I nearly—I—that is—I wasn't in the least hurt. I begged them to bring you here, and bring all the doctors in the city, and it turned out you lived here."

"But how curious!"

"No, no, no! I said one question, and I promised the doctor—you really must be good, or else he won't trust me again."

"Just one word."

"Well—one; that can't do much harm."

"How long have I been here?"

"Precisely a week; this is the seventh day."

"And you—"

"No; positively now, you must say no more. This time I am iron."

I closed my lips obediently. She sat down—for the few moments she had been speaking she was standing up—and I contemplated her with wonder and delight. I felt curious and half-frightened. A woman waiting on me in the capacity of nurse! I could scarcely realize it; and so young and lovely. At first I was too nervous to note anything distinctly; but becoming a trifle accustomed to the novel situation in which I found myself, I began to take quietly into my mind the exquisite beauty of the girl sitting there, so calm, so dignified, with folded, snowy hands and meditative face.

She was true to the promise she had given the doctor, and didn't allow me to speak ten more words in the course of the day. But she couldn't prevent my busy mind from weaving a hundred fantastical romances about her. Who was she—whence came she—and how did she seem so perfectly at home in my mysterious lodging house?

It was with surprise of the most unaffected kind that I learned she was the daughter of my landlord, just returned from a foreign boarding-school,

and coming home with her maid, on the day I saved her life, to surprise her father with an unexpected appearance.

Day by day I grew stronger, till at last I was able to be about again, and at length to confide to this true friend all the doings and sayings of the time that has elapsed since I last recorded here my daily experience. What change the presence of Helen Falconbridge has wrought in this still, dreary old house.

Now, for dismal silence, is the ringing voice and the sweet laughter of youth; and flitting through the gloomy old halls is constantly to be seen the graceful form of my host's daughter, in showy garments of flowing muslin, or the trim and jauntily dressed figure of her maid. That the change is pleasing to me I will not attempt to deny; and that it is equally so to that strange old man is plainly visible.

He evidently worships his daughter; she seems the one joy, the one bright spot in his lonely existence. It is touching to see the tender motion of his hand when he smooths her bright hair—the warm glow in his cold, white face, and steely eyes, when he gazes fondly in her young and joyous countenance.

AUGUST 1st.

I am often requested now to join the family at tea; the request always comes from Helen. Have I said Helen?—well, why not? It is a sweet name, and why may I not say it? Yes, the request always comes from Helen, and I never refuse. It is pleasant to sit opposite that lovely girl, pleasant to watch the graceful curve of those rosy lips when she says, "Another cup of tea, Mr. Falcon?" Pleasant to smile and answer "yes," and receive from the slender hand the dainty cup with its fragrant contents, and to wonder what it is that makes it all seem so enchanting—to ask myself what is this delightful aroma never felt before at the prosy tea-table—what spell of music has suddenly broken through that simple question, what witchery is about me altogether?

I have asked myself these questions so often; and my heart has answered with a sudden thrill, till at last and suddenly it is all plain to me.

Ah, fair Helen, sweet Helen, beautiful Helen, dear—my Helen, dear and dearest of all the world to me!

AUGUST 3d.

When I had written those last words I paused and looked at them, and read them over and yet over again, and realized more plainly what I had done. Seven years ago I dedicated my life to the purpose of solving a terrible mystery—I kept my heart true and single to its trust, and now at last, after so long, a woman's face has stolen in, and all else is eclipsed and forgotten. No, no, it shall not be! I will be true to that solemn oath—that dread mystery shall be cleared away, and then, indeed, I may have time for the rosy dreams of love.

Rosy dreams of love! Fool that I am, when for me may be nothing but the little grief of disappointment—the ashes of roses may be all there is for me to gather. I have no right to think otherwise, for small reason indeed have I to hope that Helen Falconbridge loves me. Away with this boyish folly and let me be a man again.

AUGUST 7th.

I couldn't write it before—it was all so new and strangely sweet that I said to my own wild heart "Peace—peace, be still. This is a dream, from which, when you awake, you will grow mad to find it untrue." But it is no dream—it is true—it is real—she loves me, Helen loves me. Her own dear voice has said it; her own dear lips have sealed the words on mine. I have held her to my heart, and counted the quick beating of her heart while it throbbed against my own. I never meant to tell her; I truly meant to steel myself agains her, and if need were, to go far, far away where I would never see her again; and as I dashed down the corridor and towards the front door with the instinct to be out, alone in the vast crowd, I stumbled against Helen. Involuntarily I put out my arms towards her; unconsciously they closed about her, and pressed her close to me as though there, only, was life for me, and all other places death. Shall I ever forget the half shy, half angry glance that shot at me from her dear eyes? But there was something in those eyes that gave me courage to tell all then. I drew her into the parlor, and like a long pent flood suddenly released, all my love poured forth and deluged her. She gasped and panted for breath—she drew herself from my close embrace, but she left her little hands in mine, and trying to look up saucily at me she drooped the modest lids over her great blue eyes, and caught her breath in quick sobs, trying to be calm, and I was answered better than with words. And by-and-by words were not wanting to tell me all my joy; and I knew that she was my own, for ever and ever my own.

AUGUST 13th.

I have thought of it all the day long—thought of it drearily, with a sad heart, and a sad face, and Helen asked me many times where all my blythe looks have gone to-day; and at last coming into my little parlor an hour ago she said, seating herself on that old ottoman and resting her arm on my knee:

"Howard, if you don't tell me what it is that saddens you so, I will never again believe that you love me."

And then I smoothed back the bright hair from her pure white brow, and asked:

"Do you wish to hear a sad story, Helen?"

"Yes, Howard," she said, "if it saddens you, for I would weep when you weep, and rejoice when you rejoice."

"Then you shall know what threw a cloud over my life, Helen, seven years ago, and always shadows me now—at times more gloomily than at others. When I was a young child my mother died. I can just faintly remember her as a creature so beautiful that I often wondered whether she was not one of the angels sent down to stay with us a little while to foreshadow the beauty of

heaven; my father was passionately and tenderly attached to her; and her death almost drove him mad. I have since learned that he married her

against the wish of his father, and was, in consequence disinherited of a magnificent estate, and of all the honors belonging to him as eldest son. His younger brother was preferred to his place, and being unable, from the peculiar disposition of the property to do my father justice, he made him a liberal allowance, which enabled him with his wife, to emigrate to this country, where I was born. After my mother's death, from which my father slowly and partially recovered, he was wholly devoted to me; and spent his entire time in attending to my education and improving me in every way. My uncle had had no son, and my father had, I believe, an ill-founded idea that I would ultimately become heir to the property of my ancestors. For this reason he took much pains to fit me for what he fondly anticipated as my future greatness. In this way we lived till I attained my nineteenth year. At this time we resided in a sweet little cottage embowered in vines and roses, and situated on the edge of the city. We kept no valuables in the house, and were never particularly careful about closing up the house at night, having lived for many years in undisturbed quiet. One August—it was the 12th, Helen, exactly seven years ago last night—my father and I parted for the evening somewhat earlier than usual, as I had been complaining of a severe headache—a species of sudden and violent pain to which I had been subject from a child.

Our one domestic had already gone to bed, as we kept rural hours. I had fallen into an unsettled sleep, from which I occasionally started up half awake, as my head pained me sharper than usual, to doze off again uncomportably and unrefreshingly. When about ten o'clock, as nearly as I could afterwards estimate, I started up broad awake, and found myself listening to the sound of voices. At first I thought I must have been dreaming, and was about to compose myself to sleep again, when I distinctly heard my father's voice, in loud and indignant tones:

"No, no, Edward!" he said, "it is impossible that you can be so unjust—so cruel—so villainous. It is the act of a thief, Edward, it is the act of a thief!"

"I am pleased to have the honor of your company this evening, Mr. Falconbridge."

He raised his hand and slightly waved it from him, as though putting aside my words.

"Howard Falcon!" he said, "listen to me; let not a word of all I am about to say escape you. I was a listener to your conversation with my daughter this evening, and I tell you now, and let it serve for all time, that you can never marry her—that never in all time can she become your wife."

I smiled—smiled in the proud confidence of her love—feeling that nothing could ever separate us while that lasted.

"You do not realize what I am saying to you," Mr. Falconbridge said sternly, "do you hear me say that my daughter can never be your wife; you must leave here before the day dawns, Mr. Falcon, and you must make me a solemn oath never to attempt to see or communicate with Helen.

"I cannot do this, Mr. Falconbridge. I don't know what your reason may be for wishing to separate your daughter and myself, knowing that we are devotedly attached to each other; but it is cruel and unnatural, and I will never consent to sacrifice my own happiness and Helen's, for what may be but a selfish whim."

"You will know why I separate you?" he asked, in a low, hoarse voice. "Be it so! Look, young man, look!"—he stretched out his slender white hand—"that is the hand which took away your father's life."

I was overwhelmed—my heart ceased to beat, and all the blood in my body seemed surging and beating in my temples. I glanced wildly at the man before me—I made no movement towards him—but continued to listen, like one in a dream.

"Howard," he continued, "I am your father's only brother—I am your uncle, Edward Falconbridge. Your father and myself loved the same woman—we loved her so well, that we ceased to love each other, in the strife to win her. She preferred your father—she was your mother; and then, from ceasing to love, I grew to hate my own brother, whose very heart had once seemed to beat in unison with my own. I took every means of revenge that lay in my power; I succeeded in my endeavor to make my father disinherit Ralph, and make me his heir instead, but Ralph suspected that I had dealt unfairly by him. When my wicked plot succeeded, I was moved with regret for the part I had played, and to soothe my upbraiding conscience, I made him the offer of a liberal allowance if he would leave the country.

He was too completely absorbed in the joy of having won his wife, who was truly worth a thousand inheritances, to think much of the loss he had sustained, and he gladly accepted my offer. They sailed for America. In a few years you were born, and then Ralph seemed, for the first time, to realize that he had lost one of the finest estates in England. He wrote to me, putting all his old suspicions into bitter, cutting words, and concluding by the hope that I would rest content with having robbed him, and do his son justice. I had married, but, having then no prospect of children, I had already thought of making Ralph's son, should he have one, my heir, and I wrote to him to such effect.

"Some years passed—during which time letters frequently passed between us, and our old love seemed to revive.

"Then came your mother's death, and in the year following, the birth of my little Helen, whose mother only lived long enough to place her in my arms.

"From that hour I retracted my promise to make you my heir. I had but one thought—to make my daughter the most brilliant and accomplished heiress in Britain. I did not yet dare to make known my determination to Ralph, and year after year I delayed it, till Helen had reached the age of thirteen, at which time I sent her to a French convent for educational purposes. During this time I was lost, and very miserable in her absence, the old love for Ralph revived more strongly than ever. My heart yearned to see my brother again, and I sailed for America.

"On the passage I decided on the manner in which I should break to him the change in my intentions with regard to yourself. I would propose to make Helen my heiress, and to affiance the two cousins—my daughter and yourself—and thus heal all the breach between us.

"After some difficulty, owing to his having abridged his name, I at length found Ralph—found him alone on that ill-fated summer-night. It was a storming interview—he flew into the wildest rage on hearing of Helen's existence, of which he had not known till then, and utterly refused the proposed alliance, declaring he would never trammel upon your free will, by any promise, or bargain, of the kind. He insisted, in peremptory tones, that I should make you my heir—threatened to contest our dead father's will—upbraided me with treachery—characterised my conduct as injustice—as robbery—till, at length, stung by his wrong, I reached the pistol that lay on the table—raised it as threat only, with no more thought of murder, as I hope for mercy in heaven—than I have this moment. It went off in my hand, and I was a murderer."

"By what instinct I leaped through the open window, closed it after me, and escaped so, I know not; but with all my sad heart, I have known ever since that Ralph's dead face has pursued me, and, sleeping or waking, his death groan is for ever sounding in my ears."

This, then, was my father's murderer—this man before me. I thought of that fact only at first; all else that he had said I put aside. I rose—I laid my hands upon him with the might of iron—sternly I bade him move not—in a deep, terrible voice I denounced him, and threatened to take his life then and there if he resisted. He shrank away from me, a quick convulsion passed over him, and then he said:

"I am Helen's father!"

My hands fell from him, as if withered. In the face of that appeal I could do nothing. I stood impotently regarding him. As soon as my faculties awakened again, I thought:

"He revealed this to separate me from Helen. Clearly he never once thought he was confessing himself a murderer. Helen's father! Heaven pity me, and show me what I ought to do!"

Presently he spoke:

"I make no attempt to escape; truly I did not think of it; for I never dreamed that you would be the one to bring Helen's father to the scaffold. But do as you will; I will not take the first step towards escape. You will find me here in the morning; take the rest of the night to reflect. I am guiltless of wilful murder—my hand shed blood without the wish of my heart; and God knows what bitter penance I have paid. For seven years I did not look upon the face of my child—for seven years I lived here the life of an anchorite, bewailing the sins of my past life, with what sincerity let these whitened locks and this ashen face testify. Take the rest of the night to consider, Howard; deliver me up to justice if you will—think of Helen—and pity me if you can. Adieu."

I was alone—alone with a secret more terrible than death—alone with my thoughts of Helen, with my blighted heart, with my wretched love—the roses turned to gray, bitter ashes!

From mere force of habit, for something to still the twitching of my fingers, I write it all here. For something to ease the aching void within my soul I here call upon her on whom I must never look again, I here utter the love I may never more breathe in her ears. Oh, Helen, my lost love! Oh, Helen, my one, only darling—my own, my own, lost—

The journal abruptly ended. I gave a sigh of disappointment, for I was dissatisfied not to know the conclusion; when I suddenly remembered how the manuscript had come into my possession:

A certain dilapidated house, in —— street, had startled all the neighborhood, one midnight, with a terrible crash. From the ruins had been dug forth three bodies, that of a white-haired old man, a young man, whose hand clutched a roll of paper, and a beautiful young girl, whose bright hair shed a golden glimmer over her white, dead face.

A young woman, who had had leave to pass the night with some friends, identified the bodies as those of her mistress, Miss Falconbridge, the young lady's father, and a young man named Falcon, who had lodged with them.

A friend of mine, who knew my fondness for curious papers, had procured for me the manuscript, laid before the reader as "Howard Falcon's Journal."

DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL FAIR.—At this fair Wheeler & Wilson are exhibiting their 200,000th Sewing Machine. It is beautifully ornamented with the American coat of arms.

THE METROPOLITAN INSURANCE COMPANY.—This prosperous company has just completed the increase of its capital from \$300,000 to \$1,000,000. Its surplus exceeds \$400,000, making its gross assets nearly \$1,500,000. The Metropolitan was established in 1854, and at that time was among the largest, as it has always been one of the most popular and influential companies in the city. In 1862 it first allied itself of a permission granted by the Legislature shortly after its formation, to unite ocean marine with its fire business, and since that time has made rapid progress. Its premiums in 1865 were only \$36,000. In 1864 they nearly touched \$1,000,000. Since the formation of the company it has paid over \$1,500,000 for losses. The marine branch has been conducted with great ability and prudence, and has proved a source of large profit. The agency business, under the most competent and experienced management, has been greatly extended by the appointment of agents in most of the prominent places throughout the country, south as well as north. Three-fourths of the net profits, after reserving seven per cent for the stockholders, are distributed in scrip to participating policy-holders—the scrip dividend in January was 50 per cent. The company has an able staff of officers, who, besides understanding the technical details of their business, have the good sense to perceive that courtesy is the best investment in any business which involves dealing with the public. The Metropolitan has a wide and well-deserved reputation for genial manners and liberality in its business transactions. With the present large addition to its capital, it sets out upon a new career, in which many friends will heartily wish it well.

"I WONDER how they make lucifer matches!" said a young married lady to her husband, with whom she was always quarreling.

"The process is very simple," said the husband. "I once made one."

"How did you manage it?"

"By leading you to the altar."

"CAST DOWN BUT NOT DESTROYED."

BY PAUL NORTH.

On, sweet spring days, wherein the sun,
His golden glintings deep has planted!
Oh, bending sky, whose far-off blue,
At night with ghostly moon is haunted!

Oh, running rills, and limpid lakes,
Oh, ocean, silent, silent never!
Oh, tardy tides that dash their waves
'Gainst rocks that beat them back for ever!

Oh, rustic daffodils, that bud,
And catch the yellow sunlight's quiver,
Shake out their skirts along the hills,
And in the breezes shine and shiver!

Oh, gleesome birds with gleaming wing,
And songs that make the echoes listen!
Oh, southern winds whose messages
Late made our eyes with gladness glisten.

Oh, nature! mother earth! thy charms
Seem now but marks to mortals given,
For grief has dimmed a nation's eyes,
A nation's heart with pain is riven.

We see not sky, nor golden sun;
We hear not birds nor streams that tinkle;
We know not if the tides be out,
Or waves with foam the gray rocks sprinkle.

We see no sight, we hear no sound,
We know no thought untinged with sadness,
For grief hath riven a nation's heart,
That only late had thrilled with gladness.

Oh blessed beyond our country's best!
Whose honor ne'er with shame was tainted,
Who born for struggling freedom's cause,
Was doubly cursed and doubly sainted.

Oh, hero, crowned at the dawn
Of glorious freedom's peaceful morning!
Oh, patriot with the heart and voice,
Too pure to tempt e'en traitor's scorning.

Oh, statesman that on truth's dear side,
Didst never doubt, nor pause, nor falter!
Oh, Christian, furnace-proved, and tried,
By time's hot touch, on war's red altar.

Our God demanded one life more,
To sanctify the nation's living—
He yielded his, and even so
He blessed his country in its giving.

And as up freedom's beetling heights,
Our country treads in quickened being—
His life shall be the beacon bright,
To light the path beyond our seeing.

GUY'S FOLLY;

OR,

The Secret of Thornton Heath.

BY VANE IRETON ST. JOHN.

AUTHOR OF "THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL," "THE WORLD'S VERDICT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.—CONCLUSION.

THE conference between Guy Raymond and Walter was a short one.

The position in which the latter found himself was far too difficult to allow of any discussion on his part.

"Walter," said Guy Raymond, "you have behaved very ill to me. Have you any excuse to offer?"

This speech gave Walter courage.

"Excuse!" he said. "Yes, indeed I have excuse. My patrimony you took from me; it is mine still, and justice says that you should restore it to me."

"Not so," returned his uncle—"not so. The terms of the will were precise; I have but complied with them. You have not been justified in taking the law into your own hands."

Walter did not answer.

"You have forfeited everything by your conduct," continued his uncle, "but still I am willing to forgive everything, on one condition. I am the more inclined to forgiveness, because I may have been unjust in requiring you to marry against your inclination."

"And what is the condition?" asked Walter.

"That you leave the country with your wife."

Walter laughed cynically.

"Leave the country!" he said. "That is more easily said than done. Your forgiveness may be very pleasing to me, but it does not produce the means of leaving England."

"My forgiveness includes other things," returned Guy. "It includes the restoration to you of your property. Give me the required promise, that you will quit England within a month, and I will at once sign the paper necessary to your possession of the property."

"I give the promise freely, and at once," said Walter.

"Will your wife consent?"

"Ella will be but too glad to go," returned he. "I guarantee that in less than the required time I will leave England for ever. The country has become distasteful to me; its memories are bitter; it speaks to me of error and crime, and I would gladly welcome a new land which would remind me of nothing. So, believe me, I am sincere."

"Good, then!" said Guy Raymond. "Whither will you bend your steps?"

"To America."

His uncle inserted a few words in a document already drawn up.

"Very well," he said, handing him two papers. "There is a cheque for a hundred pounds, which will carry you and your wife across; and there is an order on the bank at New York, to pay to your credit the sum of twenty thousand pounds."

At one time Walter would have received this merely as his due; he now received it, after his crime—his forgiven crime—with gratitude, and almost tears.

Walter had spoken truly as regarded Ella.

She was delighted at the prospect of leaving England—for to her England was Thornton, and an escape from it was an escape from all its associations and dangers.

Three weeks after the interview with Gideon Crawley, therefore, Ella and Walter sailed for New York, where they settled in happiness and prosperity.

Three days after, another important event took place at Thornton.

This was the marriage of Ralph St. Clare and Claudia, at which, though unseen and unnoticed, Poor Mrs. Freshfield was present.

Mary Winter discovered, alas! too quickly, how erroneously she had bestowed her heart.

Though thanking her earnestly for the method in which he had been restored to his home, the first words which Ralph uttered, were words expressive of his deep love for Claudia, and the gladness of his heart at discovering that she had recovered her senses.

It was now, for the first time, that he had mentioned Claudia's name; and when Mary questioned him about her, he poured forth to her the whole tale of his love—never heeding the pallor which overspread her cheeks—never heeding the heating of her bosom, and the nervous clenching of her hands—never observing that her eyes were filled with tears, and her whole being agitated with intense emotion.

Poor Mary! she never after this gave him an opportunity of observing her love for him; but on the contrary, took a special delight in aiding him in his plans and preparations for the wedding.

And when, at length, the lovers were united, she was present at the ceremony, and went through the ordeal bravely.

She did not, however, remain an old maid. Such a beautiful and pure being as she was, it would have been cruelty indeed to devote to a life of single blessedness.

About a year after the union of Ralph and Claudia, she was united to a young man who had long loved her in vain, and she has never had reason to repent her choice.

Guy Raymond lived but a short time after this, and his property fell, as by his will, to Claudia, who gave a handsome portion to Mrs. Freshfield, who, through so many years had tended her like a mother.

Sir Robert Arbuthnot and his newly recovered wife removed to London, after his wounds were healed, and she had somewhat recovered her health; and her son is now one of the richest men in his county.

Lady Anne considered it prudent to drop her name and pretensions, and married Mr. F. A. Davit, the lawyer; while Arthur and two of his sisters, retired to France upon the allowance made by their father, and married happily and well.

Arthur, indeed, had a great lesson that night, when, returning from his criminal errand, he saw his mother endeavoring to destroy his father's life; and, upon the first opportunity, he dispatched a messenger to Mrs. Cassel, bidding her to allow her prisoner to escape, and to keep out of the way herself, to avoid questioning.

There is one character, however, yet unprovided for—a character in which, it may be, that my readers have taken an interest, and about which, therefore, I am bound to say a few words.

This was Clara Arbuthnot.

Denzil Harcourt, like his father, was one of those men who, having no respect whatever for woman's virtue, considers that the female sex are created specially for man's enjoyment, and that man, therefore, possesses a right to dispose of them as he likes.

When, therefore, he went through the ceremony of marriage with Clara, it was merely because he considered it necessary to deceive her.

He had been struck by the beauty of Clara—more, be it said, by the beauty of her form than by the beauty of her mind; and, having conceived a passion for her, he had resolved to make her his own; but he had never imagined it possible that his own feelings could endure long enough to put up with her as a wife.

So he had engaged a man who stated himself to be a poor clergyman, who had lost his certificate, and had paid him well for his trouble.

A month passed by in this way. Denzil Harcourt was delighted with the beauty of his bride, who seemed to develop into graces every day, and began to regard the possibility of his love enduring far longer than he had ever imagined, when one evening the servant announced that the Rev. John Tollemae desired to see him.

He gave orders for his immediate admission, and in a few moments the clergyman appeared before him.

"You are surprised to see me, no doubt?" he said.

"Yes, indeed," returned Denzil Harcourt, "I am surprised. I imagined that by this time you were far away."

"I should have been had my own wishes been concerned," returned Tollemae; "but circumstances arose to prevent it. However, I am glad that I did not go, since it enables me to fulfil a duty."

"What is that?"

"A duty I owe to you and Mrs. Harcourt. Nay, start not—she is your wife. You engaged me to deceive her; I deceived you. I told you I was unable to marry you—I was able; and your marriage with the proper signatures of the witnesses, is duly registered."

Denzil Harcourt uttered a loud curse—not that he was disgusted at finding himself the lawful

husband of Clara, but because he was angry at being thus outwitted.

"Why did you thus deceive me?" he cried. "Are you aware of the consequences of your treachery?"

"I am not, except in one way. I know that it has secured peace and honor to one who would have been degraded and wretched before; and were you a man, you would thank me for what I have done."

"Thank you! I do not thank you!" cried Denzil Harcourt violently. "Leave the house this instant, lest I eject you by force!"

As he spoke these words, a low, moaning cry was heard without; and springing out and opening the door, Denzil issued out into the passage just in time to behold a white figure flying away towards the staircase.

He had no trouble in recognizing this as the form of his wife, and he instantly started in pursuit.

When John Tollemae entered the garden gate Clara saw him from the window, and hurried down to meet him.

Not that she had any idea as to why she did so, but there was in her mind a kind of vague premonition that he had something to tell her.

She saw him, however, enter the drawing-room ere she descended, and heard the key turn in the lock, and with the presentiment still upon her, she stood and listened at the door.

The words which the clergyman uttered roused a new feeling entirely in her mind, and the words which followed from her husband seemed to close up for ever all her hopes of life and happiness.

It was then that, with a moaning cry, she sank down upon the ground, and in another moment rousing herself, fled along the passage.

At the end of the passage was a trapdoor, beneath which was a fall of some fifteen feet upon hard stones, and it was towards this Clara now bent her steps.

Life now seemed to her intolerable, since the one she had trusted had turned out to be a deceiver, and it was with the intention of destroying herself that she raised the trap, and flung herself headlong into the black and yawning gulf.

Denzil Harcourt arrived on the brink just in time to see her white garments fluttering in the air; and, without a thought of anything but the necessity of saving her—without any remembrance of his late selfish speeches, he rushed precipitately after her, and strove to effect her rescue.

By the light of the lamps which gleamed down from the river terrace he saw the face of her he had loved, and the white bosom laved by the dusky waves.

Should he never again see that face instinct with life? Would that bosom never again be pressed with his own? Would her sweet voice never again speak to him in words of love?

These were the thoughts which rushed through his brain as he beheld her, and with eager arms rushed to the rescue.

At length he reached her—at length his arm encircled her waist—at length he once more felt the beating of her heart, and her soft breath upon his cheek.

And in another half-hour she was lying in her own little bed, weeping over a repentant husband, and thanking Providence that it had given him a trial which brought to her such great joy.

Clara and Denzil Harcourt are now one of the happiest couples



THE CELEBRATION OF NEW YEAR'S DAY BY THE JAPANESE IN YOKOHAM, JAPAN.

VIEW ON JAMES RIVER, VA.

A SINGULAR feature of the mind develops itself on the close of every excitement. No sooner has the immediate wonder past, than oblivion spreads its gentle film gradually over the event, until it loses all its point and brightness. Still, as a record of the past, there can be few things more interesting than illustrations of the closing acts of the great drama which culminated at Bushvile. Our sketch represents the river before Fort Darling, that word which once was considered as representing a second Gibraltar. Gen. Grant knew, however, perfectly well that to storm Fort Darling would be an useless waste of life; and, like a wise general, he left it to fall when the city it was presu med

to defend fell. The spot our Artist has portrayed is about nine miles from Richmond, on the south side of the James.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN JAPAN.

As a contrast to our own New Year's customs, we give a sketch of the doings indulged by the double-sworded, swarthy denizens of Japan, who rejoice in the *kari kari*, and other singular diversions. A letter from an artist who resides at Yokoham will explain the subject of the cut:

"I send you a sketch of the celebration of the Japanese New Year, the first three days of which are devoted

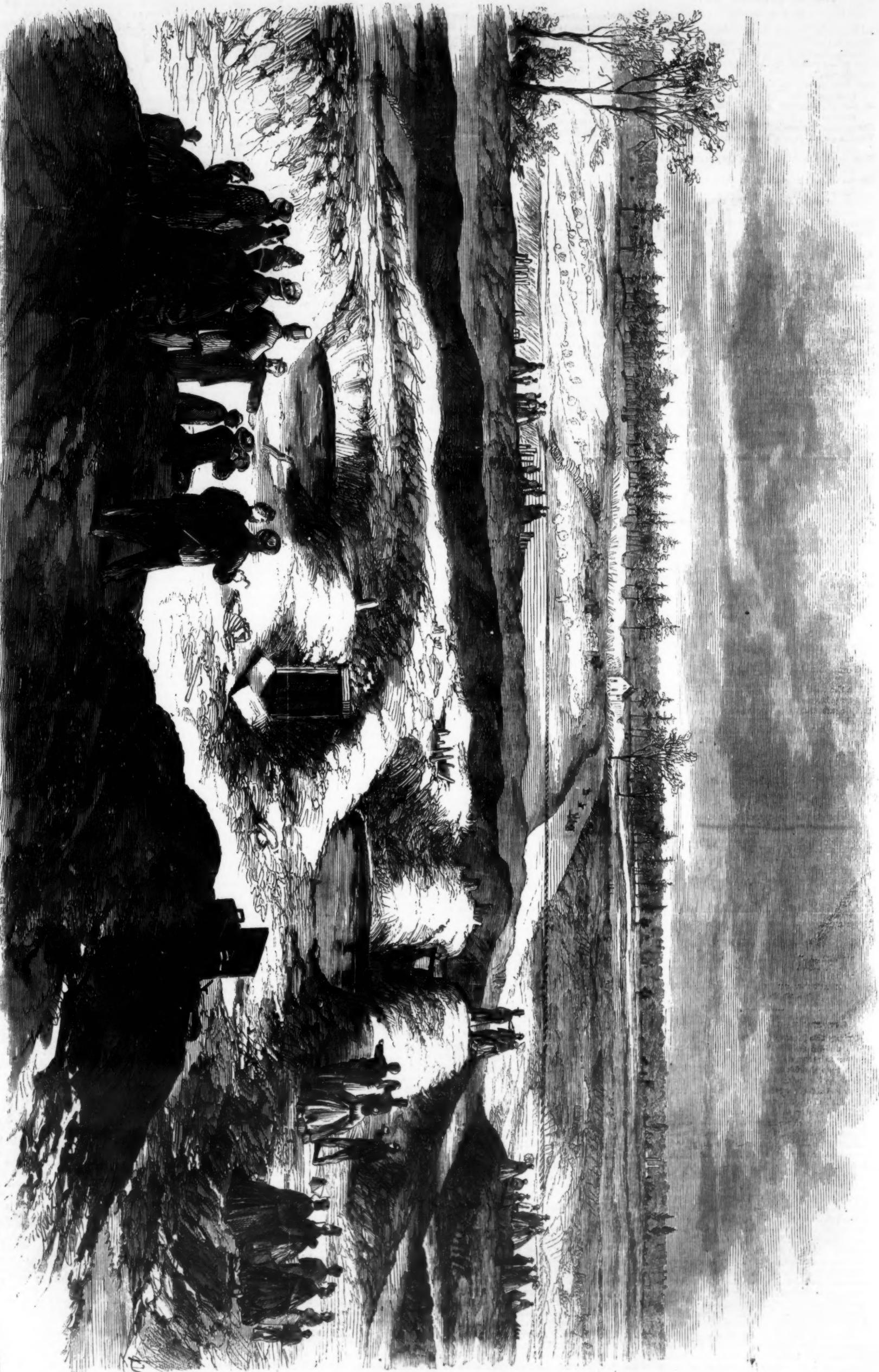
to games of every kind, played by old and young. Their most characteristic performance is the game of battledore and shuttlecock. The battledore is made of solid wood, with the picture of a man or woman on the reverse side; the shuttlecock is something like ours, but very much smaller, and having a little round marble, into which the feathers are fixed. All day long, in the street, before every shop and house door, you see laughing groups of people engaged in this sport, and the fun waxes fast and furious, while every misse is punished by applying the battledore rather sharply to that part of the human frame known to schoolboys as the natural enemy of the birch. The girls, of course, don't feel it, for the simple reason that they wear their bustles outside their dress. But how jolly it is to see a whole town so pleasantly enjoying itself!—that is to say, the people of the town, for, of course, the town can't

possibly enjoy itself: but that's of no consequence to the subjects. In no other country have I ever seen such hearty popular enjoyment. The streets, too, look very pretty, being decorated with bamboos and fir-trees; and, as everybody is in full dress, the taste of the Japanese for harmonious colors is displayed to such a degree of perfection that M. Chevruil, the author of the treatise on the subject, would entirely approve of their costumes. Meantime, the boys walk on stilts, with their sticks held between their big toe and first toe; or they divert themselves with kites, tops, hoops and other toys. Then you meet a procession of officers, in butterfly wings, going to pay visits, and bowing to the ground, but the sketch I send renders any description unnecessary. In a word, the Japanese are a most singularly absurd people, and they don't know it; but possibly the same may be said of all nations."



VIEW ON JAMES' RIVER, VA., SHOWING OBSTRUCTIONS IN FRONT OF FORT DARLING.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. J. BECKER.

PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE FIELD WHERE THE POWDER MINE, UNDER THE REBEL ENTRENCHMENTS, BEFORE PETERSBURG, VA., WAS EXPLODED ON THE MORNING OF THE 30TH OF JULY, 1864. FROM A DRAWING BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. RICHARDSON.



THE MUSTERING OUT.

BY J. W. WATSON.

To the waving of banners and crashing of drums,
The proud sweeping column in majesty comes.
Columbus has called to her children afar,
"Come home from the battle, come home from
the war."

And they came from the south, and they came
from the west,
In the glory-stained garb of their servitude
dressed;
Far prouder to show in its dust-covered blue,
Than in garments of silk and cerulean hue.

They came in their thousands, they came in their
might,
On their lips a new song, in their eyes a new
light.
On the banks of Potomac they swarm like the
bees,
Rolling in as the billows roll in from the seas.
Through the day and the night, with unvarying
tramp,
With shouting and singing they surge on the
camp,
Their shouting of welcome, their singing of home,
Rises up like the mists that rise out of the foam.

The swamps of Ogeechee, the Cumberland hills,
The green Shenandoah its complement fills—
From the glades of Savannah, from Donaldson's
walls,
From Shiloh and Vicksburg, from Charleston's
proud halls,
From the soil of Virginia, made sacred by blood,
They come like the waves of a fast-rolling flood,
With a memoried thought in each battle-trained
eye,
Of ruin and want, as their columns swept by.

They know that in homes through the far-reaching south,
The millions are waiting that marshaled them
forth.
They know there are hearts stretching out from
the west
To welcome them each as a much honored guest.
That the cheer is preparing, and couches of rest
That shall woo them to sleep in the arms they
love best.
And this is the song they are singing about,
The joys that are waiting their mustering out.

And many a veteran, sun-browned and scarred,
As he sleeps in his tent, or walks lonely on guard;
In his sleeping or waking, hath dreams of the day,
So soon to occur, when in battle array,
He shall march the last time, with a proud flashing eye,
And hear from his neighbors the welcoming cry—
Shall clasp to his heart, the loved children and wife,
And draw from their happiness fresh-given life.

When the voice of the nation cried out in alarm,
They wanted no urging, no asking, to arm.
They came from the valleys, the hills and the
plain,
They doubled and trebled and trebled again.
From the banks of Potomac, like rays from the
sun,
They flashed their dread shafts till their mission
was done.
On the banks of Potomac they gather once more;
Their mission is peace and their memory war.
God grant, in his mercy, good rest to the brave,
May the rest in their homes be a rest till the
grave.
They have fought the good fight, and the victory's
won,
Let us pray that for ever the fighting is done.
Only this in reserve, should an arrogant foe,
By a word, or a look, ever hint at a blow,
Let us spring to our arms, without halt, without
doubt,
For a mustering in, and a mustering out.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WIDERMANN'S MAZE,"
"REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—THE VAGRANT'S DANCE.

WITHIN two hours of sunset, when the London sparrows had already begun to chirp a desultory anthem in many chimney groves; and an organ-grinder planted the supporting pillar of his organ, a stick, in the middle of the street, and yawned up at the closely curtained windows that blazed back the light upon each other—when the white road, and whiter pavement, and still whiter steps, vied with each other in glaring heat, and passing dogs never loitered, but flew on as if every step burned them—at this hour, one June day, a blaze of brilliant colors appeared at the corner of the street.

It was a basket of cut flowers, carried by one of a party of vagrant children. There were five of them, four girls and a boy, and they had been sent into the street to rest, while their older companions refreshed themselves at a neighboring gin-palace. The girls, with their brown skins and cunning, almond-shaped, black eyes, might have been gypsies. Their crushed bonnets might have lain between their black heads and the green turf many a starlight night, and might lie many another without the possibility of their becoming any worse. The prettiest of the four was in some trouble about her foot, into which a piece of broken glass had penetrated; and the boy ran in front of her, mocking her limping gait and her grimaces.

The party halted at a doorstep, opposite the organman, whom the boy annoyed by tumbling over head and heels all round him, and by running under the organ, while the girls sat down their

flowers and held a consultation over the wounded foot.

It was evidently a baffling case, and after many a shrill summons to the boy to come and help in the inspection, he was seized, and with much kicking and scratching and laughter, was dragged to the step where the little patient sat, and presented him her foot triumphantly.

Apparently he felt it useless to resist, so he took the foot and bent his head gravely over it. A handsome, cunning-looking little head it was. The over-fond sun had tanned its crisp curls to the color of October ferns, and had left its kisses visible on the cheeks and eyelids in bright freckles, and had burned the full, square throat so brown that the shoulders, pushed out of a slit in the shirt, appeared like snow beneath in contrast. On that shoulder the wounded girl's hand lay like a tanned leathern, and as he spanned her foot firmly, the little finger-nails dinted into his flesh. Of the pain this caused him he took not the slightest notice, so intent was he on performing the operation successfully. Amid a low buzz of admiration, he drew the bit of glass from the wound, and held it up to view. A strip of bass was then unbound from one of the bouquets and tied about the foot, and while this was being done the organ-man, who had turned his back contemptuously on the little vagrants, began playing an old dance tune, full of life and vivacity.

There is a movement on the step, the foot is withdrawn impatiently from the ministering hands, and the little figure rises and presently is standing on the pavement, holding up its ragged skirt, and swaying to the music. She is joined by the three other girls, and, two facing two, they begin to dance.

What manner of dance it may be it is impossible to say; but the bare, brown feet, flayed with the sun and dust of a long summer's day, are patterning the London pavement as delicately as if it were a marble floor of Pompeii. The boy, meantime, is lying full length on the road, his head just above the edge of the kerbstone, propped on his two elbows, and his glittering eye following their every movement.

Wonderful are the outlines of the flying rage, the waving arms, the animated faces! Wild as it is, there is a mad sort of method in the dance, though it is difficult to trace it. There are steps as buoyant, as full of joy as the step of Jephthah's daughter dancing from the conqueror's house to meet the conqueror. There are fits of languor, when the spare, ethereal figures mock the voluptuous attitudes of Mohammedan hours, rolling their dark almond eyes, and revealing their wealth of dazzling little teeth in "wreathed smiles." There are fits of simulated rage, of savage Indian-like onlooker, when bonnets fall off and rags fly out like the torn plumage of birds. There are fits of gracefulness, when nothing can exceed the dainty propriety of step and gesture, when the skirts might be satin, so gently are they raised, and the arms decked with bracelets of diamonds and gold, so consciously graceful, so full of the sense of richness and luxury are the rounding curves.

The organ man has for some time been watching them, his first glance of contempt gradually changing to a wistful smile, for he sees himself child among them, in his little summer blouse, dancing in vineyards, where his father and the father of his little playmates worked, and where his mother and baby sister came to meet them at evenfall. He sees that mother's smile as he approaches, and the music he plays changes to the merry harvester's pipes. He is no longer a despised organ-grinder, dirty, weary, reckless, but a child with his mother and father in his own bright Italy.

He bends his head on his breast, and the children still dance, and the dance seems to become to them a mute, wild language, in which they express the joys and sorrows of their vagrant life, the fears and the hopes, the hidden thoughts, never, perhaps, to have utterance any other way.

Shorter-lived, however, is their delight than the flowers that make so gorgeous a centre to the picture. An angry voice is heard in the street, and it is over. The girls rush to the edge of the kerbstone and cower down by the basket. The Italian feels the sun hot, for the ghostly vine-leaves have ceased to fan him; he yawns, shoulders his organ, and goes away, muttering an oath to think he has been playing so long without having earned a single copper.

The man and woman coming down the street are quarreling; the children see in an instant what about, and stare at the boy and giggle. They are to lose him—their companion for many days. He had joined them of his own accord, and had been allowed to make his home among them during the great Bamberg fair, when he made their fires and cooked for them. But the fair has been over these three days, the last of the profits has just been spent at the gin-palace, and the boy must be sent about his business. The man gives him to understand this in brief, if not very choice words, then bids the girls "look sharp" and "come along!" They obey, grinning and nodding at the boy. The woman, who has a baby strapped at her back, pulls the torn shirt over the bare shoulder and pins it, with a decent womanly shame, as if she were returning him to his mother.

Yet well she knows the only mother he has is the one on whose hard bosom he will sleep to-night, whose myriad eyes may watch him, but whose breath will nevertheless blow coldly on his ill-clad limbs. Will she—this rough mother, Nature, who has scorched him with her summer suns, buffeted him with wind and hail, and numbed him with her bitter frosts—will she murmur at the gipsy woman's care for him?

He stands looking after the retreating figures, as the woman follows her husband and the girls with great strides. He looks after them, and there are two streaks of dirt on the little face that were not there before. Are they tears? Tears of despair at his utter loneliness, of regret at losing his savage little companions, on whose knees his homeless head has found a sweeter sleep than he

had ever known before; whose wayward friendliness had given relish to the driest crust; whose finger-nails had left their prints on more places than the now heaving shoulder?

The boy-vagrant weeps. But how scornfully would he laugh were he told that these things caused his tears. He has no thought but that his pain is simply the fear that his late companions are laughing at him, and thinking he is suffering grief on account of his dismissal. He is watching them with an intense longing to see them turn round; not—so his stubborn little heart whispers to him—for the sake of his seeing their faces again, but that they may see him.

He has his wish. At the corner of the street the whole party turn and look at him. He runs towards them, the man advances threateningly, the little outcast almost meets him, then stops short, gives him one mocking, defiant look, pitches himself upon one hand, and rolls back in form of a wheel, after the most approved style of a city ragamuffin.

When about the middle of the short street has been again reached, he stops, erects himself, and looks back. They are gone—quite gone! He then takes his lonely way in an opposite direction, walking in the dry gutter, his bare feet kicking up before him the dust there collected, and making the best of the coolness. He plods on, threading the streets as if he knew all their turnings by heart, till the great city is left behind, and the sun stretches out fiery, sword-like beams, as if to hew itself a tomb in the gray west.

CHAPTER II.—A HAUNTED GARDEN.

With a branch full of cherries, which he had pulled from a tree as it hung over an orchard wall, for his fare, a clump of rushes for his throne, the daisied river-bank for his footstool, and the sunset for his canopy, the little wayfarer—Esau, for that was his name—sat down to eat his evening meal.

His shirt, which he had washed in the river, was hung by the sleeves between two high tree boughs close by his head, and was flapping merrily in the evening breeze. He enjoyed his cherries, and enjoyed shooting the stones out between his lips to the different spots on the river, waiting till all the circles had died away before allowing himself to take another mouthful.

When he had finished his meal, and had thrown the cherry-branch into the river, and watched it float away with the tide, he put on his ragged little shirt, and set out once more on his journey.

For the last five days Esau had possessed a secret. In looking after a bird's nest (for by procuring these for the London sellers he, in part, got his scanty living), he had been tempted to climb the wall of a certain garden, and having alighted on the lawn had found himself in what struck him as being a new and exquisite land; a paradise, however, from which, had he happened to enter it by day, he would assuredly have been roughly driven. So deeply impressed was the little vagabond with its beauty and stillness, and the sort of uncontrolled possession he had of it that first night, that he was half afraid to stir lest the lawn—moist and silvered with dew and moonlight—should reveal his every step to angry eyes at daybreak. But the next night he grew bolder, having heard during the day that the place belonged to nothing more supernatural than a rich old alderman. So he roamed up and down the silent paths at leisure. The standard roses, with buds of white and creamy yellow, of pink both faint and glowing, and of burning and lurid crimson, filled him with wondering pleasure as they nodded at him in the slight breeze, and sent to him remembrances of a perfume that he could not identify yet seemed to know—at once so sweet and delicate. He recalled it at last, in connection with the mocking gift of the titled lady, who, sitting at tea outside a fancy little Swiss cottage in a remote part of her extensive grounds, had seen the inquisitive face, piercing eyes, and ragged garb looking down from a tree on the scene, and called the boy to her from his covert, and given him a cup of something to drink, which the boy had never forgotten. All the tropics—but the tropics moonlit and faint after the exhaustion of their day—came to the lad's imagination as he drank from that blue and gold porcelain cup, which he held by the grimy hands, and gazed the while with unshaking look on the bold, handsome lady, on whose breast burned in the fading sunset a ruby of exceedingly vivid color.

In touching these and other flowers, and in inhaling their odors, Esau seemed to be making acquaintance with new and beautiful companions, to whom his vagrant life was of nothing. He had lain many a night on sea-shores, and been shelterless during great storms, but nothing had ever awed him, and brought into his soul the sense of the existence of an unseen spirit, as did those soft-folded rosebuds, and all the other fair sweet-breathing things in the alderman's garden. How wonderful even a common poppy seemed to him, standing erect among these brilliant beauties with its cold gray, green hue, and stateliness of form, like a piece of antique sculpture; its blind buds, hanging from their curved stalks, resisting the kisses of the moon, as they had resisted those of the sun, with a stronger imperturbability. He had no idea, when he saw it on the first night, but that it had attained its highest perfection; but when the next night found its splendid eyes wide open, he could scarcely repress an exclamation of wonder and delight.

During the day he picked up a fact concerning this midnight, moonlit haunt of his, that made its fascination greater than ever. This wonderful fact was that its owner in boyhood had been poor, very poor, and that by hard work and indomitable resolution he had become what he now was—the richest man in Bamberg, an alderman, and, what was infinitely more to Esau, the possessor of this fairy garden.

Esau wanted to get a glimpse of him, but the alderman was ill, and the blinds were down all day

at the windows. No matter. Esau was the less likely to be noticed, so he still came and touched the roses, and chewed the young pods, and felt the hard green fruits with which the overhanging boughs were laden. He was far too deeply impressed with the beauty of the garden, which he knew only in its night aspect and under the glory of the moon, to do any kind of damage in it. On one occasion the gardener, when he began to work in the morning, found a favorite plant, a brugmansia, in a pot, that had evidently been upset and injured, but most carefully set to rights in a comical way by some rude, unskillful hands, the branches tied up, and the mould refreshed with water from the fountain.

As he could not but stand and scratch his head, and wondered if it were possible that the ghost of the alderman's pretty daughter, which people said haunted the father in his solitude for his cruelty, had transferred her attention to the garden she had so loved and tended; "if so, ghosts were "uncommon ackard."

This particular June night Esau's foot slipped twice in climbing the wall, and no sooner had he dropped down on to the soft mould inside between the wall and the evergreens, than he distinctly heard footsteps near. He crouched low, kept still, and peeped through the laurels.

Near on the lawn, which, bathed in dew and moonlight, looked more lovely and tender than ever, he could see the house, which was like a number of gray stone towers, placed side by side, the two end ones projecting boldly forward like short wings, so as to form a little square courtyard in the centre.

Esau's quick ear recognised the voice of the nightingale singing in the tall clumps to the rear of the house; and casting a wistful look around, he wondered if he had been mistaken about hearing the steps.

He did not wonder long. There appeared suddenly on the ground line, in the opening between the laurels, a pair of rough shod feet. They stood still, and Esau also lay still to watch them; and for so long a time, that he thought he should know them again, even among a thousand other feet.

At last they stirred: and following them with his eyes, Esau caught sight of another pair, shuffling softly along the edge of the lawn to meet the first pair.

"Well," said the owner of these, "you've been taking it easy, ain't you, now?"

"Don't be a hoss!" was the rejoinder. "I told you the safe was the thing and late. Whew!"

And Esau heard him spit, as if in contempt.

"How lays the ground now, then?" asked the first speaker, surlily.

"Why, the young gent's in the room with it, grubbing over papers. We must stow ourselves out of this infernal light, and lay where we can watch the winder. Walk on the flowers, can't ye. Don't make that row on the gravel."

Peering round the evergreens, Esau saw them making for the orchard at the back of the house. His first impulse was to secure his own escape as swiftly as possible, lest he might be laid hold of as "one of 'em"; but on second thoughts, seeing the house so undefended, with most of the windows open to the hot June night, he bounded across the lawn. On reaching the gravelled terrace, close to the building, he saw at one corner a window on the ground floor with a light in it. He went and looked in.

It was a pretty oak-paneled room, and seemed to belong to the housekeeper, for there were baskets of clean linen standing about, and a long shelf full of preserve pots across the wall. A stout and rather aged woman, in a mob cap, sat knitting and railing at a young girl who was stitching. "A mouthful of fresh air, indeed!" she was saying, as Esau came to the window. "I'll tell you what, my lady, I'll put an end to this gadding about, as sure as I've the ill-luck to be your godmother. Woe betide you, if you were a child o' mine, and took gowns, and money, and fallals from an upstart who has no more right to the money than your poor silly self! A pretty handful I've got of it, wi' the master well nigh at death's door, and poor Mr. Anthony away and all, and you going on like this."

"Hollo, Ma'am Spifire!" is now almost shouted into their ears; and the women are startled out of their senses by seeing Esau's little ragged figure thrust half-way in at the window. "Let the gal alone, can't yer, and mind your own business. There's thieves in the air. D'y hear? Good-night!"

CHAPTER III.—DRINKING DEATH.

For the last few minutes Alderman Maude had turned his face to the wall, and seemed to sleep. His hand, large-boned and thin, rested tranquilly on the coverlet; and his face, with its heavy jaw, and massive brow, and pale, hollow cheeks, wore, for the first time for many hours, a look of calm repose.

But the alderman did not sleep. He had merely fallen into that state of extreme quietude which sudden relief from pain so often produces. He lay perfectly still, his face to the polished wall, and his eyes, peering from under his lowered lids and grey lashes, were watching with the persevering and remarkable obstinacy of disease, shadow that moved over its mirror-like surface. In the first moments of release from suffering, there is generally an expansion of the heart—a regret for harsh words uttered during the throes of agony, and an intense desire for sympathy. The alderman, violent as he was by temper, habit and disposition, was feeling this as he watched the shadow of his nephew moving about in gentle and zealous attendance upon him, and he tried to feel pleasure in his noiseless and thoughtful movements. He saw the shadow stoop and noiselessly pick up the books and papers which he, the alderman, had flung to different parts of the room in his fits of rage and pain. He saw him muffle the old Dutch time-piece with clothes, so that even the

constant tick might be moderated in sound, and he tried hard to feel satisfied with the change. He saw him move the little oil lamp to the top of a distant bureau, and pin the curtains across the foot of the bed to shut out the light. And then, at last, he saw him stand still at the bedside. And surely never shadow was so full of profound veneration and loving anxiety as that shadow's original, as it bent lower and lower, and then stopped in silent contemplation, biting its nails.

The alderman lowered his eyelids still more, but he did not cease to watch the shadow. Its soft, good-looking profile showed well upon the wall, and the alderman found an unpleasant inclination to study its owner more attentively than ever, as if to compare it with the fast gathering impressions of his own mind, which had of late undergone a great change. The figure was extremely slim, without being at all lean; and it was so much the same size from shoulders to feet, and so softly rounded in every part, that as it sat down on the edge of the bed, the old man could not get over the notion that it had something of the appearance of a gigantic worm striving to sit upright. The very finger tips, from the constant biting away of the nails, were not unlike worm heads.

But here the alderman shut his eyes and compressed his lips tightly, asking himself, with a sort of remorseful twinge, if he could call up no better thoughts than those of his sister's son, and the companion of his latest hours. He struggled with himself to stretch out his hand, and say, "Well, Dick, my boy, aren't you sleepy after so much watching?" And he did manage to draw his arm out of bed, and turn his head on the pillow; but the movement caused Richard Sleuth's head-smelling strongly of scented oils—to come down inquiringly so close to his own, that instead of doing as he intended, he suddenly found himself sitting bolt upright, thundering out:

"Confound you, Sleuth! I can't stand it any longer! Upon my soul, I can't! Hang me if I wouldn't rather be noise to death with Anthony's creaking boots and blundering way of knocking against everything he comes near, or poisoned by his abominable carelessness, than I'd have any one wriggling and slinking about, and bringing the whole chemist's shop under my nose, as you do!"

The young man smiled, and showed his white teeth, and then—as if he fancied the reproof was leveled at his bending down so much about the bed—stood off a little and erected himself, and then again erected himself differently, as if to do it better; and there was something in the conscious manner in which it was done, that completed, to the alderman's ungoverned fancy, the image he had drawn; the worm was now erecting its head, and balancing its body, and bridling and showing its teeth, and all with that ridiculous smile on its face! The alderman's angry mood changed, and he burst into a fit of laughter, which made his shoulders for some time shake the clothes, after the sound had ceased. After a little while he said:

"Dick, I can sleep now, I think. You had better use the chance yourself. Put the hand-bell near me; if you hear it, come. Till you do, don't set your door slightly ajar, but don't leave it wide open, or I shall hear you snoring."

"Do I snore, uncle?" asked Sleuth, in a gentle surprise.

"What don't you do that a gentleman shouldn't? Eh! Never mind, Dick. Tisn't your fault, if we're both of us a bit disappointed in each other."

"I'm sorry, uncle, if I've vexed you. I'm sure I've tried my best."

"You have, Dick, you have! Give me your hand. I shan't forget that, anyhow."

Dick gave his hand, but seemed hardly to venture the liberty of heartily responding to the uncle's strong and manly grasp, so that the alderman again got the uncomfortable feeling his fancy had raised previously about the shape and likeness of those damp fingers, and he let them fall abruptly.

Richard Sleuth moved to go away, in obedience to his uncle's commands. He slept, when sleep was possible, in the alderman's dressing-room adjoining. Before he went, he cast a careful, anxious glance in every direction, as if to remind himself of every possible duty. There seemed only one thing to do—to place a fresh bottle of the cordial within the alderman's reach, on a little table that stood beside the bed.

"What's that, Dick?" said the alderman, with his face turned in the opposite direction.

"Only the cordial, uncle—a fresh bottle, in case you should want it."

"Didn't you hear the doctor say I wasn't to touch it, if I could possibly help it?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Then why the d—don't you mind! Would you like to get rid of me before my time?"

"Oh, uncle!" exclaimed Sleuth; and there was certainly something akin to reprobation in the sad, soft smile that accompanied his words.

"Take it away, then!"

"To be sure, uncle!"

"There, let it alone! I may perish before any of you come to me, if my paroxysm comes on again, and I can't get at the bottle. But I know that drinking it's like drinking death. Present ease—speedier end! The Lord help me!"

Sleuth went into the dressing-room, and the old man listened awhile to his every movement. He heard him shake his coat as he took it off, preparatory to hanging it up, as he had heard him do every night for weeks past, for Richard Sleuth was a model of orderly propriety and neatness; he heard him kneel down and pray, not as the old man fancied truly religious people ought to pray under such circumstances, so as to be heard only by God, but in a tone so audible that many of the words could be distinguished, and among them words of intercession for the poor sick uncle; he heard the self-approving cough which followed, as it always followed, the rising from the kneeling posture, and then, quite unexpectedly, he heard the bed creak and sway with unusual violence, for

Richard Sleuth, instead of gliding into it, as he generally did, had thrown himself upon it suddenly. The old man wondered. Was he fatigued, or was he depressed? Surely he could not be angry.

Alderman Maude's intended sleep was now again delayed. He could not put his nephew out of his mind. Perhaps he had been bitter to him, irritable, unjust. He had not a specific fault to lay to his charge. He had only for excuse an intense and hourly-increasing dislike. He tried to check the current by calling up Dick's good points, whether of person or character; his good-looking countenance; his very affectionateness of disposition when he was allowed to develop himself in his own way; his glow of amiable feeling, always ready to be called forth on the slightest suitable occasion; and the honey-suggesting buzz of his voice when he was allowed to talk, which would go on for an hour when fairly started.

Had the alderman been wise to snub him so much? Had he not stimulated unnatural manifestations by depressing natural ones? These last, unluckily, were not to the alderman's taste, who, self-made, self-educated, had never studied, till too late, to make himself a gentleman, but had still a keen appreciation of what a gentleman ought to be.

But the alderman was of too impetuous and selfish a nature to continue long such reasoning as this. He thrust it all from him in an instant, as he thrust the counterpane fringe he had been gathering, tassel by tassel, into his huge hand. With a choking pain at his throat, and a hot moisture in his eye, he asked himself, how it was that he had come to such pass as this, to be lying here, in what he could not hide from himself was probably the twilight between life and death, and having but one creature near him, and that one a man, between whom and himself not one particle of sympathy ever had existed, or ever would exist. How was it? Had his life been so poor? And then, as answers to his questions, memory began showing picture after picture, which, though he closed his eyes on them, burned in the darkness as if traced with fire.

The first is not an English picture. It is of the time when the alderman was a shipbroker at Ostend. He sees himself, with account books and papers strewn about him, neglecting his business, an unusual thing with him, in order to take his little daughter on his knee, while he submits to be taught a Flemish song. Yes, in the darkness or the light, the alderman sees the fair little head, with its arch blue eyes looking up into his own, conscious of their power over the great, strong man, and the tiny, dimpled hand that he stoops to kiss as it beats time to the song.

Was it Sleuth's fancy that, as he happened to listen in the dressing-room to the alderman's breathing, he heard a smothered cry of—

"Oh, Nell! Nell!"

The next picture was an English lane, with a girl cantering down it, switching the young buds from the hedge with her riding-whip, and turning to nod to him, her father, as he stands looking after her, admiring her strength and daring almost as much as her beauty; but while he returns her joyous farewell, urges the groom, with some strange misgiving, to take care of her, for heaven's sake.

That was the last time he ever saw her. The groom had obeyed him by running away with and marrying her, and eventually deserting her, and leaving her to die in the most deplorable distress, after fruitless appeals to the unforgiving alderman.

Then came two more pictures. In one he saw himself, years afterwards, receiving into his arms a boisterous and screaming boy, who, for the first few days of his residence with him, received his caresses with passionate kicks, and slit the kites he made for him. It was his nephew, Anthony Maude, his dead brother's son, whom, with his intense longing for the companionship of a child, and with the feeling that he could, with it, renew all the pleasures of child companionship over again—he had taken and adopted as his heir. The boy grew fond of him, but often resented his fits of violence. The alderman sent him to school and then to college. On one of the young man's visits home a quarrel took place that ended in Anthony's leaving him as suddenly as his daughter had done—to be treated with like punishment.

The last picture that the alderman saw beside that of the angry-faced, kicking boy, was a chemist's shop, at the door of which his carriage waited. He saw the cringing, bowing master, the cringing, confused assistant—that assistant was Richard Sleuth.

The nephew was as little inclined to sleep as the uncle, though he showed his disinclination in a somewhat extraordinary way. After a long and deep pause, in which the bedclothes rose and fell with the most exact regularity, in accordance with the breathing of the recumbent figure, the latter rose suddenly to a sitting posture, gazed keenly round, listened with one ear turned to the sick-room, then, as if satisfied, the bedclothes were hastily pushed aside, and Richard Sleuth stood in an instant in his stockings, coatless, but in all other respects completely dressed.

His first act was to go to the outer door of the dressing-room, which opened upon a corridor, and to turn the handle with exceeding care. He made the slightest possible noise in doing it, and stood as one petrified, both hands glued to the handle, but his body twisted half round, in the direction of his uncle's chamber. No sound, however, issued thence; so, after a prolonged pause, the handle was let go, and the door held ready, a little open, for him to go out. But he seemed to wait for something; and to beguile the time, he fetched his hair oil bottle, and touched carefully with the saturated edge of the cork that part of the fastening which he fancied had made the noise.

Suddenly he starts in alarm; but is relieved when he sees who it is—Phillis, the housekeeper's

god-daughter, and the alderman's housemaid. Although she comes to tell him news that has greatly excited the two women, there is a greeting for a moment which shows Phillis and Richard Sleuth had expected this encounter.

Noting his finger on his lip, Phillis moves on with him in silence, till they reach the far end of the corridor.

"Oh Richard!" she begins. "Such a fright!

There are thieves about."

"Thieves! Dangerous thieves, do you think?" asked Sleuth, glancing uneasily round; then, as if to put on a more manly bearing to Phillis, he said, thoughtfully, after hearing her story about Esau, "I must tell my uncle instantly."

"No, no; it will frighten him—perhaps be fatal. It may be all nonsense, you know."

"True."

There was a pause, a significant one, for both faces changed color at it. Sleuth grew whiter, Phillis redder. He broke the silence as if with an effort.

"Well, Phillis?"

"Well, Richard?" was Phillis' only reply, and the tones of her voice trembled.

"Is it to be?" he asked, in a tone so like that of a lover, that Phillis' embarrassment began to change its character.

"Is what to be?" she said, with unconcealed irritation.

"Are we to throw in our lot together?"

"You mean—" and poor Phillis could go no further, and seemed to grow hot and cold in a breath.

"I mean what I say. Are we to pull together as man and wife?"

These words were almost thrown at her.

"No, Richard; not if that is all you care for me," and Phillis began to weep.

Richard Sleuth grew angry. He was losing precious time. Nor could she be such a fool as to want to make love now, when everything dear was in peril. However, he managed to satisfy her with a few hearty-sounding words and a kiss.

"Now, then," he said, "where is it?"

Phillis took from her pocket a key.

"You say, Richard, you only want it to seek for what belongs to you?"

"Certainly."

Sleuth took it; handled it lovingly, enjoying it; held it up to the light, and looked at it with that side cock of the head which had made his uncle once say he was always wanting to look at a bottle; then it disappeared into his pocket.

"Run away, Phillis. Say nothing, not even to your godmother; that's a part of our bargain, mind. And—stop, Phillis; mind another thing. All turns upon what the old fellow does. If he keeps his word to me, then I keep my word to you. Run!"

He watched her disappearance down the stairs at the end of the corridor, then went straight back to the alderman's room, and told the news he had received with as perfect an indifference to the warning Phillis had given him, as if he had never noticed her words.

The alderman who was constitutionally brave, seemed at first as if he would rise from his bed to do battle to the scoundrels, if any such dared to enter his house. But he fell back panting, and with a terrible sense of suffocation, at the first impulsive gesture he made.

"Dick, give me the keys!"

Sleuth took them from their receptacle—one of the watch-pockets above the old man's head—and gave them to his uncle. They have been in the place ever since Richard Sleuth had had the misfortune to run against them in some unlucky way, and make them rattle in the hearing of the unsuspecting invalid.

"Take this one and open the bureau; then take this and open the inner drawer, and bring me what you see there. Quick!"

"Is it the codicil at last?" asked Sleuth of himself. No. It was a pistol—double-barrelled. He took it out.

"Take care, you fool! Don't hold it in that way—both barrels are loaded!"

Sleuth looked, just for a moment, as though he would have liked to let the pistol fall, and give the alderman the benefit of the explosion.

The alderman saw the look—one unlike any he had ever before seen on his nephew's face, and he thought about it, and was troubled by it.

"See, this is the way to hold it, to cock it, to take it off the cock, and to fire it. Pooh! I'd ye think I mean to let go the trigger?"

"No, uncle; but, you see, you are ill, and with your finger so—"

"Do you understand? Can you manage, if you see the occasion?"

"I never handled one of these things before, you know, uncle. But I ain't afraid when I see how."

"And do you see how?"

"Y—yes."

"Go, then; look all over the house. Most likely it is the prank of a vagabond boy; but the chance is not a bad one—I must own that. If I were in that profession myself, I should like to find a house like this, with the master where I am, and its defender, Dick Sleuth! Here, Dick, come closer—closer, confound you! You are always rubbing your nose into my face when I don't want you, and now—. There," he whispered, "the room where the safe is will be their mark, if they know anything."

"See, uncle. And wouldn't it be well, as things are so exposed there, if I were to bring you the contents of the safe?"

"Yes—no—go along. Don't hurry. Make quite sure before you come back."

Two minutes later, and both the men are reading documents that greatly interest them, and which have a certain connection with each other. Sleuth has not found the robbers, but he has found what he has hunted for day and night in every leisure moment; he has found in the safe,

by the aid of Phillis's key, the codicil which the uncle drew up when Sleuth first came to him, and in which he finds that every right previously by will given to Anthony is transferred to him.

"It is so! It is so!" he ejaculated with a different emphasis at each repetition of the phrase, and looking as men usually do, not upwards in their thankfulness, but with a furtive, onward kind of glance, into futurity, the meaning of which we put into words that he did not venture to use—"If I can prevent him from destroying this, or making any new provisions—and he must have witnesses to that—which while he lives, which cannot be long, nothing can shake me. This is mine! Mine! All mine!" He looked round with a kind of subdued awe upon the place.

At that same moment the alderman is saying to himself, while he reads a brief note he has written in pencil—

"Yes, late as it is, it is not too late. John shall go to him—instantly." Thus ran the alderman's note:

"DEAR ANTHONY.—I fear I shan't live long. Will you come? If so, you must make haste. Boy, I want you."

SILAS MAUDE."

BUNGALOWS IN INDIA.

The bungalows of Etawah, though not in their primitive state—for upon the first occupation of these remote jungles doors and windows were not considered necessary, a jamb, or frame of bamboo, covered with grass, answering the purpose of both—are still sufficiently rude to startle persons who have acquired their notions of India from descriptions of the City of Palaces. Heavy, ill-glassed doors, smeared over with coarse paint, secure the interior from the inclemencies of the cold, hot, and rainy seasons. The walls are mean and bare; and where attempts are made to color them, the daubing of inexperienced workmen is more offensive to the eye than common whitewash. The fastenings of the doors leading to the different apartments, if there be any, are of the rudest description, and the small portion of wood employed is rough, unseasoned, and continually requiring repair.

The intercourse between the brute denizens of the soil and their human neighbors is of too close a nature to be agreeable. If the doors are left open at night, moveable lattices, styled *jaffrys*, must be substituted, to keep out the wolves and hyenas, which take the liberty of perambulating through the verandas; the gardens are the haunts of the porcupine, and panthers prowl in the ravines. The *chopper*, or thatch of a bungalow affords commodious harbor for vermin of every description; but in large stations, which have long been inhabited by Europeans, the wild tribes, retreating to more desolate places, are rarely seen: squirrels or rats, with an occasional snake or two, form the population of the roof, and are comparative quiet tenants. In the jungles, the occupants are numerous and more various; wild cat, *ghosts* (a reptile of the lizard tribe as large as a sucking pig), *vis crotaph*, and others, take up their abode among the rafters, and make wild work with their battles and their pursuit of prey. These intruders are only divided from the human inhabitants of the bungalow by a cloth, stretched across the top of each room, from wall to wall, and secured by tapes, tied in a very ingenious manner behind a projecting cornice; this cloth forms the ceiling, and shuts out the unsightly rafters of the huge barn above; but it proves a frail, and often unsufficient barrier. The course of the assailants and the assailed may be distinctly traced upon its surface, which yields with the pressure of the combatants, showing distinctly the outlines of the various feet. When it becomes a little worn, legs are frequently seen protruding through some aperture; and as the tapes are apt to give way during the rains, there is a chance of the undesired appearance of some hunted animal, which, in its anxiety to escape from its pursuers, falls through the yawning rent into the abyss below. Before the introduction of cloths, snakes and other agreeable visitors often dropped from the bamboos upon the persons of those who might be reposing beneath; but although, where there are no doors or curtains to keep the lower story clear of the intruders, the dwellers of the upper region will seek the ground floor of their own accord, they cannot so easily descend as before.

Notwithstanding the intervention of the cotton canopy, however, there is quite sufficient annoyance without a closer acquaintance with the varieties; for night is usually selected for the time of action, sleep is effectively banished by their gambols. The noise is sometimes almost terrific, and nervous persons, females in particular, may fancy that the whole of the machinery, fastenings and all, will come down, along with them and combatants, upon their devoted heads. The sparrowrows in the caves, alarmed by the hubbub, start from their slumbers, and their chirping and fluttering increase the tumult. In these wild solitudes individuals of the insect race perform the part of the nocturnal disturbers with great vigor and animation. At nightfall a concert usually commences, in which the treble is sustained by crickets,



REV. HENRY E. MONTGOMERY, RECTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE INCARNATION, CORNER OF MADISON AVENUE AND THIRTY-FIFTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



OLD STONE HOUSE, RICHMOND, VA., THE FIRST ERECTED IN THAT CITY.

CHURCH OF THE INCARNATION.

THE Church of the Incarnation, Rev. Henry E. Montgomery, D. D., Rector, is situated on the northeast corner of Madison avenue and 35th street. It covers, with the Sunday school building, a plot of ground 66 by 150 feet. The church is in the early decorated Gothic style, and is built of Newark light brown stone with lighter dressings from Brownhelm, Ohio; it consists of nave, aisles, chancel and tower.

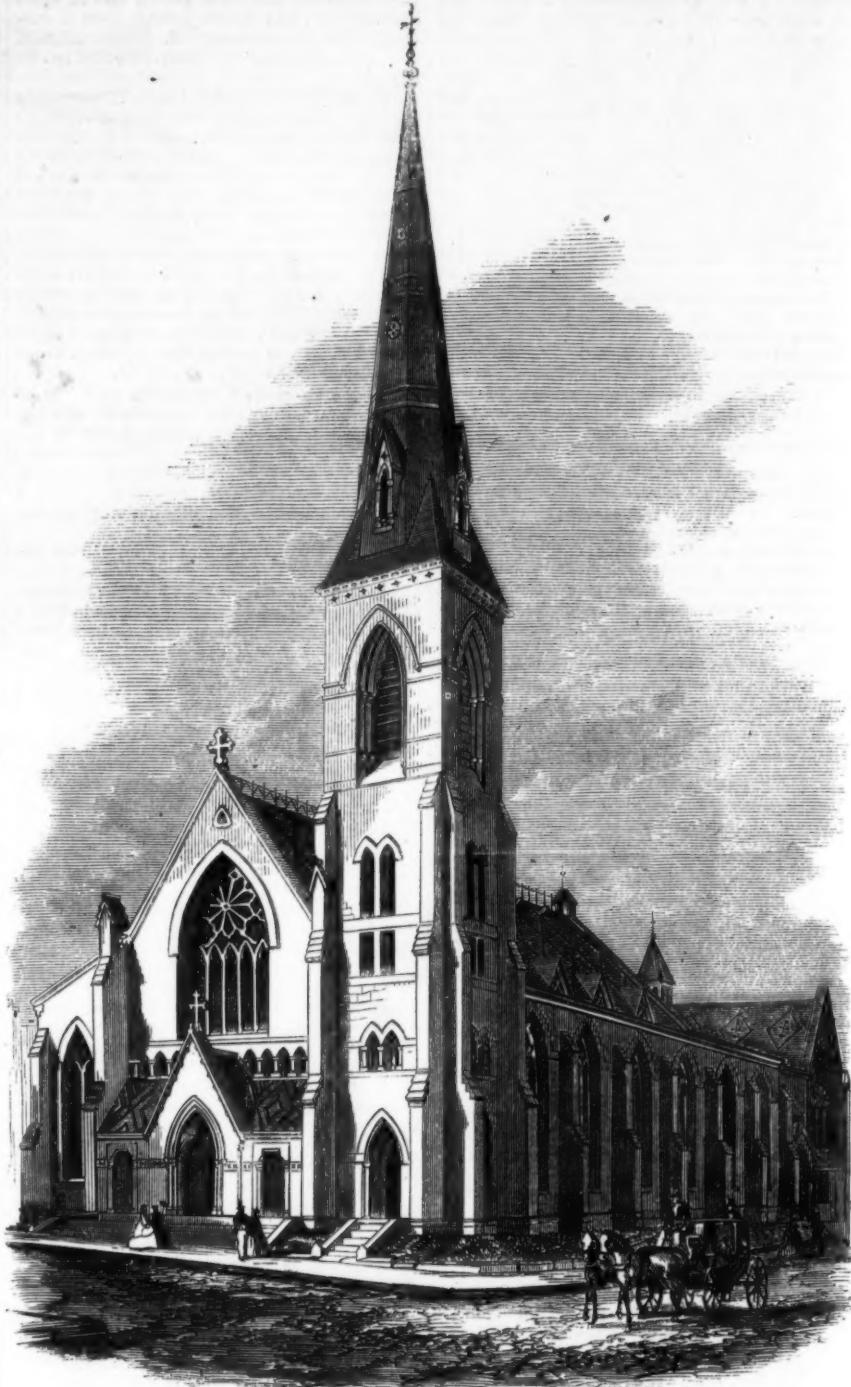
The nave comprises seven bays, and is separated from the aisles by slender cast-iron columns which partially

support the roof. The open roof is of stained chestnut. Around the capitals of the columns the gaslights are clustered.

The chancel is apsidal with a dome ceiling, partially filled with stained glass and partially plastered and painted a deep ultramarine tint, studded with constellations of golden stars. Below this the "Incarnation text" is illuminated: and the walls are encrusted with a diaper pattern in plaster.

A superb metal corona of 24 gas jets gives light to the chancel.

The windows are all formed with delicately chiselled



CHURCH OF THE INCARNATION, CORNER OF MADISON AVENUE AND THIRTY-FIFTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY, REV. HENRY E. MONTGOMERY, RECTOR.

tracery of stone, and filled with exquisite stained glass, forming memorials of the dead of the congregation.

A sheltered porch opening into a vestibule gives access to the church; over this porch is an arcade of small arches, surmounted by the great west window.

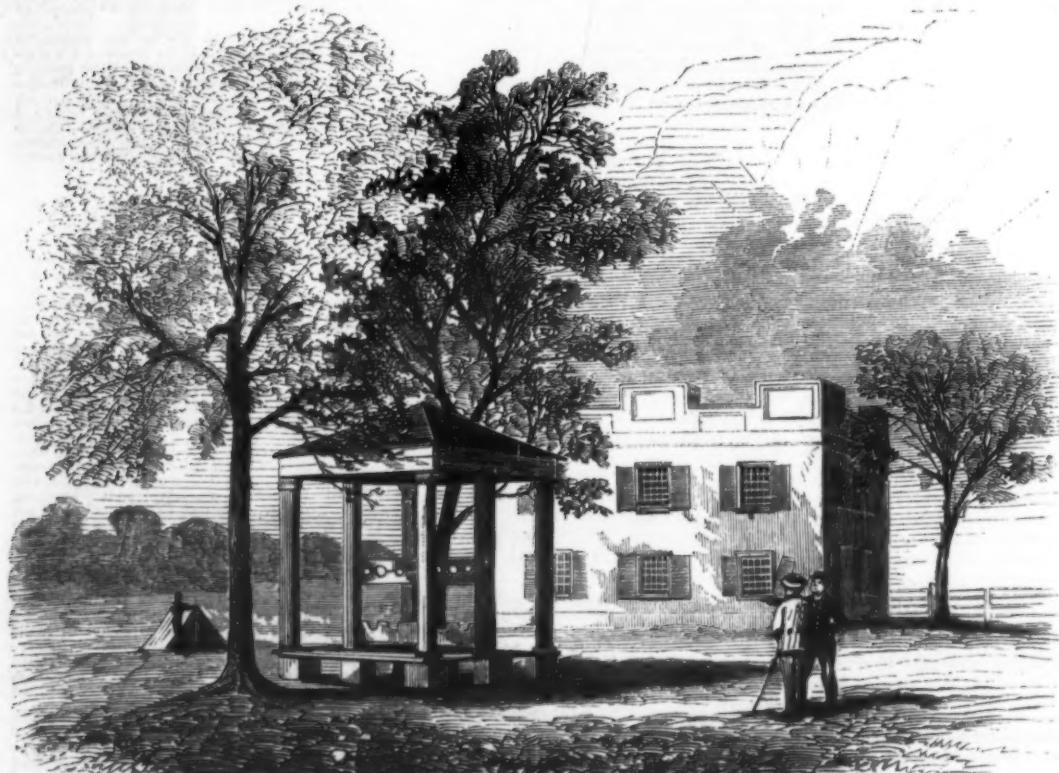
The tower is at the corner, and is at present but partially finished; when completed it will rise to the height of 200 feet. In the tower is the staircase to the west gallery.

By the side of the chancel are the organ gallery and the vestry-room, and in the rear of it are the Bible class rooms, the infant school, the Sunday school and

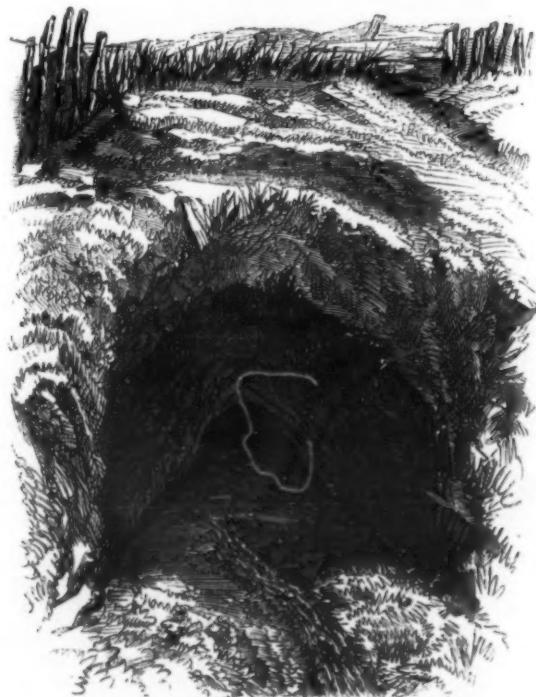
the library—all supplied with the fullest modern conveniences.

The furniture, pews, &c., are of chesnut, ash, and walnut combined, all oiled and polished, no varnish being used. The sculpture and plaster work are modeled after natural foliage; the oak, maple, gum, poplar, the rose, the convolvulus, the ivy, and many other trees and flowers add their petrified grace to the adornments of the sanctuary.

The church was built and paid for at once by the energy and able financial management of the rector and the building committee, and is overflowing with wor-



WHIPPING STOCKS ERECTED IN THE "COURTHOUSE YARD, AT GOLDSBORO, N. C., FOR THE PUNISHMENT OF SLAVES."



PRESENT CONDITION OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE MINE IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG, VA.

shippers. It is in contemplation to finish the spire and build a rectory at an early day.

The cost, after the completion of the spire, will probably reach \$200,000.

The architect is Mr. Emlen T. Little, of 111 Broadway.

Mr. Montgomery, the rector, was born in Philadelphia, and was educated for the legal profession. After a youthful tour in Europe he returned to the United States, and entered the General Theological Seminary. Receiving holy orders in 1846, he married the youngest daughter of Judge Lynch, of New York, and was for nine years rector of All Saints Church, Philadelphia. He has filled his present position most acceptably for ten years.

EMMA,
Queen Dowager of Hawaii.

If Captain Cook, as he lay dying at Oahu, could have had a vision of that island in 1865, we think astonishment would have triumphed over his last agonies. Among the wonders of the world has been the fact of a queen, dressed in the highest style of fashion, paying a visit, upon invitation, to the reigning Queen of Great Britain.

Emma, dowager Queen of Hawaii, is a very pleasing person, and is partially of white extraction. Through her mother's side, she belongs to the native chieftains; her father was a grandson of John Young, one of Van



THE NEW MARKET, CORNER OF MARKET AND SIXTH STREET, RICHMOND VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. J. BECKER.

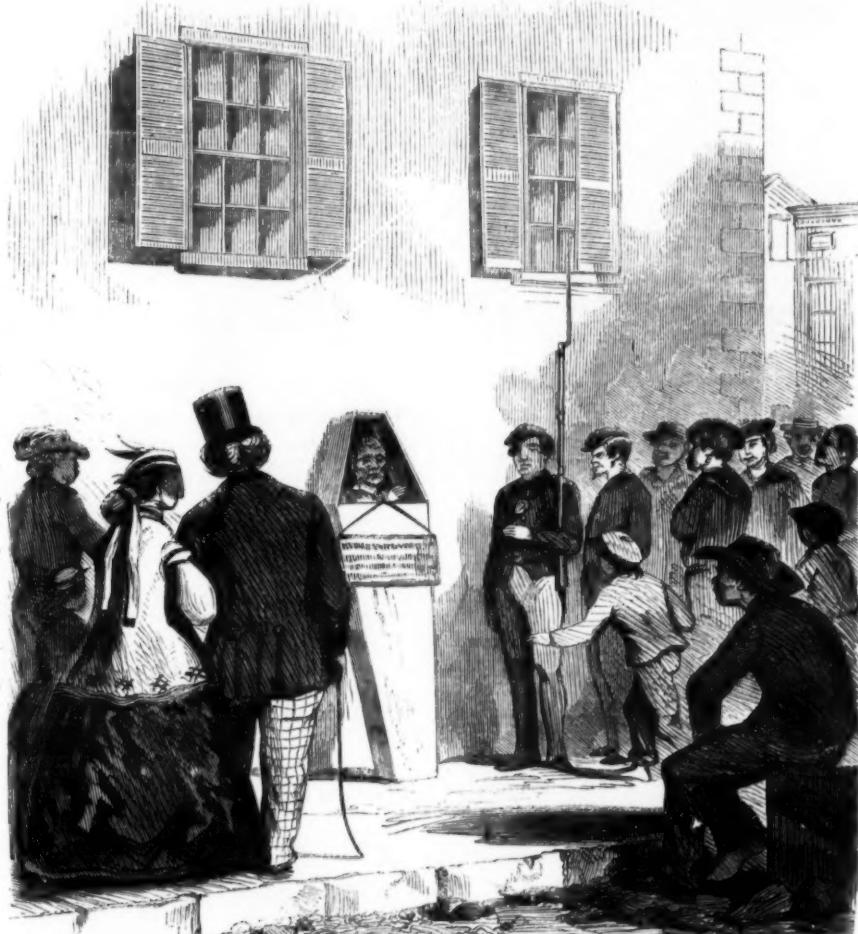
couver's companions. In 1856 she was married to Kamehameha, who died in 1863. Their only son having died in 1862, the throne was occupied by the late king's brother, who now reigns under the title of Kamehameha V. Queen Emma has been very carefully educated, and will not lose by a comparison with the aristocracy of Europe. She is a member of the Episcopal Church, and is very exemplary in her religious duties.

break in the lines of the roof. The tower is to be surmounted by a vase of wrought iron, and railing of the same material. The rear facade looks on a spacious garden, and though not elaborate as the front facade, nevertheless, as a subordinate front, its architecture is in accordance with the rest of the building.

The operations and influence of the Philadelphia Union League have been powerful and extensive, not



HER MAJESTY EMMA, QUEEN DOWAGER OF HAWAII.



PUNISHMENT OF A NEGRO AT RICHMOND, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. J. E. TAYLOR.

PUNISHMENT OF A NEGRO AT RICHMOND, VA.

WHILE one of our Artists was in Richmond, about a month ago, he witnessed a very comical and coffin-like proceeding, which was intended to punish a negro, who had stabbed a Federal soldier. As there was some doubt whether the accused had not been provoked beyond the average range of humanity, the authorities resolved to take a lenient view of the matter, and frighten rather than kill him. He was therefore informed that he was to be shot in his coffin. He was, consequently, put in one of those dreadful cases, space being left for the face, so that he might be left free to breathe the air of heaven. He was then placed up for the people to gaze on; after a time, having been thoroughly frightened into virtue, as Rabelais would say, he was released—a better and a wiser man, let me hope.

THE NEW UNION LEAGUE HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA.

This fine structure is situated on a rectangular lot on the west side of Broad, in the square between Chestnut and Walnut streets. The front on Broad street is 100 feet; the sides are 200 feet. A better site for a building of this kind could not have been selected, occupying as it does, the highest ground in the city, and having at the same time the great advantage of a central position. The lot also being bounded on three sides by streets, gives a much greater opportunity



ANVIL ROCK, FOUR MILES FROM WINNIPEG, ON THE ROAD TO COLUMBIA, B.C.

ENTRANCE TO THE MINE BEFORE PETERSBURG, VA., AS IT APPEARED PREVIOUS TO THE EXPLOSION ON THE MORNING OF JULY 30.



only in the general tendency of the institution to develop the loyal sentiment of the North, but by the important actions of its military and publication committees. By the agency of the first, troops to the number of 10,000 men have been recruited and sent into the ranks of the national armies. The expenditures of this committee have exceeded \$120,000 for bounty and other recruiting expenses. The "Publication Committee," organized in the spring of 1863, has distributed an immense amount of valuable reading matter on a great variety of subjects bearing upon the vital question of the times, amounting to upwards of 2,000,000 documents, at a cost of over \$40,000.

At the opening of the Union League rooms a grand banquet was given by the members of the Club, which was one of the most brilliant affairs of the season.

The Union League have, since the suppression of the rebellion, extended their hospitalities to large numbers of our returning veterans, and in acknowledgment of the great service they have rendered the army, Gen. Grant, on the 24th ultimo, gave a grand reception to the members of the Union League and their families at the Union League rooms.

The following gentlemen fill the offices of the League at present: J. G. Fell, President; W. H. Asthurston, Horace Binney, Jr., A. E. Bore, Morton McMichael, Vice Presidents; Geo. H. Boker, Secretary; James L. Claghorn, Treasurer.

LIFE AT SIERRA LEONE.

From January to December it is steamed, and darkened, and blown upon by all manner of vapors, and clouds, and storms. It is shrouded at one season in an almost daily haze; it is worried and terrified out of its senses during others by the insane gambols of tornados; it is breathed upon at others by the far spread breath of the desert, charged with its impalpable sand, and bringing chillness and draught at once. In other particulars it is very tropical indeed. It is deafened by thunder, blinded by lightning, and calcined by heat, and rained upon by rains, till the patience of European man is exhausted—for each of these phenomena is such as is known within the tropics only. But it has still greater tribulations. It is not the most frequented resort certainly, yet a favorite enough possession of those hosts of the insect and reptile creation which fill nightly the counties of the torrid zone with the loud bewailing sound of their rejoicing or complaining song, and which, night and day, with sound or in silence, carry on their unremitting assaults and depredations on your entire person and property. There are mosquitoes (not many, but some) to hum and hum, and to sip your blood; centipedes and scorpions to sting possibly, and to alarm certainly; crickets singing in the ear; and a mysterious boog-a-boog sawyer sawing all night in the wainscot. There are moths to pasture upon your coats and books, "making fine lace-work" of both; moths of another description, clothed and winged, to distress your sensibilities by their unaccountable and uncalled-for self-immolations, and in clouds to obscure or extinguish your evening lights; cockroaches, also, both creeping and flying, whose name is a sufficient accusation; ants, red, black, and white, and brown, from whom no cupboard is secured, no sugar-basin or breakfast basket ever sacred; other denizens, numberless and nameless, of bedsteads and beds; and lastly, snakes themselves not unknown. With those assailants should be named the silent but inveterate and severe prickly heat; because, though uninvented like them with personality, it labors in its occult way with even more than the subtlety or malice of the worst of them; and as its smart and blister are very similar to what are caused by the mosquito, it may be regarded as a very sufficient ally or substitute of that musical individual. Finally, to these positive sores may be added, if the reader pleases, what are negations certainly, but negations of a kind not unimportant—absence of the European lower classes—service, if it is to be called so, of the native race; absence of society, absence of books, absence of whatever seems requisite here to reading, thinking and talking man.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A GENTLEMAN rode up to a public-house in the country, and asked,

"Who is the master of this house?"

"I am, sir," replied the landlord; "my wife has been dead about three weeks."

WHAT is the difference between a person transfixed with amazement and a leopard's tail? The one is rooted to the spot—the other spotted to the root.

"CAN you inform me," said a student to the bookseller, "whether I can find anywhere the biography of Folly?"

"Yes; I dare say you will find it in the Course of Time."

A MAN being asked what he had had for dinner, replied: "A lean wife, and the ruin of man for dinner." On being asked for an explanation, it appeared that his dinner consisted of spare rib of pork and apple sauce.

"PAPA, when are you going to buy me a soldier's cap?"

"I don't know, my son; I can't afford it just now."

"Can't afford it! If you don't make haste, I'll go and catch the measles, and make you pay for them!"

A RASHFUL youth was lamenting to his paternal progenitor, the ordeal of popping the question.

"Pooh!" said the patriarch, "how do you suppose I managed?"

"You'd better talk," responded the hopeful, "you married mother, and I've got to marry a strange gal!"

WHEN Walter Scott was at school, a boy in the same class was asked by the teacher what part of speech "with" was.

"A noun, sir," said the boy.

"You young blockhead!" cried the teacher, "what example can you give of such a thing?"

"I can tell you, sir," interupted Scott; "there's a verse in the Bible which says, 'they bound Samson with wires'."

A WITTY counselor being questioned by a judge, to know "for whom he was concerned," replied as follows:

"I am concerned, your honor, for the plaintiff, but I am employed by the defendant."

At a trial recently, the jury returned the following verdict: "Guilty, with some little doubt as to whether he is the man."

"As we two are one," said a witty brute to his wife, "when I beat you, I beat half of myself."

"Well," said the wife, "then beat your own half, not mine."

A LAD, on delivering his milk a few mornings ago, was asked why the milk was so warm.

"I don't know," he replied, with much simplicity, unless they put warm water into it instead of cold."

A WESTERN editor apologizes to his readers somewhat after this fashion: "We expected to have a death and a marriage to publish this week, but a violent storm prevented the wedding, and the doctor being taken sick himself, the patient recovered, and we are accordingly cheated out of both."

At a medical examination a young aspirant for a doctor's diploma was asked:

"When does mortification ensue?"

Think of the amazement his questioner must have felt when he gave the following answer:

"When you propose and are refused."

At a large dinner party in a certain city, lately, the frosty weather had done considerable duty in supplying conversation, when a plump, happy-looking married lady made a remark about cold feet. "Hark!" said a lady opposite. "Mrs. —, you are not troubled with cold feet?" Amid an awful pause, she naively answered, "Yes, indeed, I am very much troubled—but then they are not my own."

"Boys," said Uncle Peter, as he examined the points of the beast, "I don't see but one reason why that mare can't trot her mil in three minutes."

They gathered around to hear this oracular opinion;

and one inquired, "what is it?"

"Why," he replied, "the distance is too great for so short a time."

SPIRITUAL FACTS.—That whisky is the key by which many gain an entrance into our prisons and almshouses.

That brandy brands the noses of all those who cannot govern their appetites.

That wine causes many to take a winding way home.

That punch is the cause of many unfriendly punches.

That ale causes many ailings; while beer brings many to the bier.

That champagne is the cause of many real pains.

That gin slings have "slewed" more than the slings of old.

WHY are suicides the most successful people in the world? Because they always accomplish their own ends.

SWISS BRIDGES.—Every traveler in Switzerland is struck with the peculiarity of their bridges, which are mostly roofed in the same fashion as their chalets, the use of which practice is not manifested at first, but is doubtless for the purpose of protecting them from the snow, which would otherwise block up their transit. There are several very curious specimens of these house bridges in the antiquated city of Lucerne, which is situated in the midst of the most splendid scenery and at the end of one of the most picturesque lakes in all Europe—probably in all the world. They are thrown across the river Reuss, which, although it enters the lake at Altorf a turbid, puddled stream, resembling milk, having passed through the lake, issues a beautiful sea green, with all the softness of a mountain to rent at Lucerne. I know not why the flowing of a peaceful stream should not only attract but also rivet one's attention irresistibly; but so it was, that both here and at Geneva, where the Rhone issues a beautiful azure blue, I could stand by the hour to look upon it. Against panels which are fastened to the timbers supporting one of the bridges, I think they call it the mill bridge, you have delineated the Dance of Death, after Holbein's famous picture at Basle. Against the sides of another, which runs in a slanting direction across the mouth of the Reuss, on one side there are upwards of 70 pictures, which describe the feats of the patron saints of Lucerne, while on the opposite there are the same number describing, historically, various scenes in Swiss history.

HINTS TO PURCHASERS OF PRECIOUS STONES.—There are in practice, we fancy, only three rules worth much to the unskilled public when in search of really good stones. These are, first, never to buy of a jeweler, but always uncut stones of a lapidary who deals in nothing else. He will give you an indefinitely larger choice at an indefinitely lower price, and as you can really see an uncut stone, you have at least the advantage of your eyes, which you have not when the stone is crushed up with what it pleases some jeweler to call gold. Secondly, buy no stone of any value without a written statement of its weight, recited before the purchaser's eyes, and thirdly, recollect that all stones except the finest diamonds and rubies are cheaper than the popular impressions of their price, and that the inferior stones—Leryls, topazes, amethysts, turquoises, garnets and onyxes are comparatively very cheap indeed, being produced in quantities which render enormous prices simple waste of money.

BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.—Ladies desiring a Beautiful, Clear and Smooth Complexion, should use

GEORGE W. LAIRD'S Bloom of Youth or Liquid Pearl.

This magnificent toilet article is entirely different from any other preparations for this purpose—it has no equal as a preserver and beautifier of the Complexion and Skin. Sold at all Druggists. Depot, 74 Fulton St.

CAUTION.

Since this valuable toilet article has been introduced, it has caused unprincipled persons to send forth a base imitation of the same; therefore, be particular to see that the name (G. W. Laird) is stamped on the Bottle. None other is genuine.

METROPOLITAN ENTERPRISE!

GREAT GIFT SALE

OF THE

New York & Providence JEWELERS' ASSOCIATION.

Capital—\$1,000,000!

Depot, 559 Broadway.

An immense stock of Pianos, Watches, Jewelry and Fancy Goods, all to be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you see what you will receive.

CERTIFICATES.

Naming each article and its value, are placed in sealed envelopes and well mixed. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of 25 cents; five for \$1; 11 for \$2; 30 for \$5; 65 for \$10; and 100 for \$15.

On receipt of the Certificate you will see what you are going to have, and then it is at your option to pay the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, Pin, etc., Sewing Machine, or any Set of Jewelry on our list, for \$1; and in no case can they get less than One Dollar's worth, as there are no blanks. Address

G. M. DUNN & CO.,

558 Broadway, New York.

MR. IMMENSE Depots have also been opened in Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati, under the management of Messrs. DUNN & CO.

Albums for the People.

Holding 24 Pictures, and sold at 75 cents. Albums of all descriptions free by mail on receipt of the price.

C. HUGHES,

Album Manufacturer,

102 Centre St., N. Y.

Oriental Kusmas.—Warranted to uproot hair from any part of the body in 30 minutes, without injury to the skin. Mailed for \$1.25. Address GEO. BLACKIE & CO., 713 Broadway, New York.

CREAT PRIZE DISTRIBUTION BY THE NEW YORK GIFT ASSOCIATION, 599 BROADWAY, N. Y.

12 Elegant Rosewood Pianos, worth from \$250 to \$300
15 Melodeons, Rosewood Cases..... 125 to 225
150 Music Boxes..... 15 to 45
100 Silver Revolving Patent Castors..... 15 to 40
100 Silver Fruit and Cake Baskets..... 15 to 35
500 Sets Silver Tea and Table Spoons..... 15 to 30
100 Gold Hunting-case Watches..... 75 to 150
150 Diamond Rings..... 50 to 200
200 Gold Watches..... 60 to 100
300 Ladies' Gold Watches..... 60 to 83
500 Silver Watches..... 25 to 50

Diamond Pins, Gold Bracelets, Cora', Florentine, Mosaic, Jet, Lava and Cameo Ladies' Sets, Gold Pens, with Gold and Silver Extension Holders, Sleeve Buttons, Sets of Studs, Neck Chain, Vest Chains, Plain and Chased Gold Rings, Gold Thimble's, Lockets, Silver Baskets and

FINE JEWELLERY of every description, of the best make and latest style, valued at

\$500,000!

To be Sold for One Dollar Each without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you will receive.

Distribution is made in the following manner:

CERTIFICATES, naming each Article and its value, are placed in SEALED ENVELOPES, which are well mixed. One of these envelopes, containing the Certificate or order for some Article, worth at least One Dollar at retail, will be delivered at our office or sent by mail to any address, without regard to choice, on receipt of 25 cents. On receiving the Certificate the purchaser will see what Article it draws, and its value, which may be FROM ONE TO FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, and can then send ONE DOLLAR and receive the Article named, or can choose any other Article on our List of the same value.

NO BLANKS.—Every purchaser gets value. Parties dealing with us may depend on having prompt returns, and the article drawn will be immediately sent to any address by return mail or express. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. Six Certificates for \$1; thirteen for \$2.

AGENTS WANTED. Send a stamp for a Circular. All letters should be addressed to

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